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1854

Miss Fish, of Kettering, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Fish, M.A., has handed over to the Rev. Charles Kelly for the Conference Office several rare books, but the chief treasure is "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns," published by John and Charles Wesley in 1743, bound up with which are the paraphrases of Psalms in the handwriting of Charles Wesley. They are beautifully written. The first six pages of the MS. have evidently been torn out. The book formerly belonged to the Countess of Huntingdon, and has her label with coat of arms and motto "In veritate Victoria, Selina, Countess Dowager of Huntingdon." On the fly leaf in blacklead are these words, "Mr. Nichols, printer, Hoxton Square, said in a conversation with me this was worth 250. H. Fish."

Wes. 1700

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A
POETICAL VERSION
OF
NEARLY THE WHOLE OF
THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

BY THE
REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

EDITED, WITH A BRIEF INTRODUCTION,

BY HENRY FISH, M.A.

Is any merry? Let him sing psalms.—ST. JAMES.

LONDON:

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS'-HALL.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS,

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Wes. 1700

INTRODUCTION.

IN celebrating the praises of David, the son of Jesse, Jesus the son of Sirach, an apocryphal writer, says, "In all his works he praised the Holy One most high, with *words of glory*; with his whole heart he sung songs, and loved Him that made him. He set singers also before the altars, that by their voices they might make sweet melody, and daily sing praises in their songs. He beautified their feasts, and set in order their solemn tunes, until the end, that they might praise his holy name." (Ecclus. xlvii. 8—10.) The songs which David thus sung "with his whole heart" have been handed down to us in the volume of Divine inspiration with which the world is favoured; and, notwithstanding they are characterized by "as many hearse-like airs as carols," (to use the language of Lord Bacon, the great father of inductive philosophy, with reference to them,) yet they always have been favourites with those who could make "melody in their hearts," and understood the nature of experimental religion. And there can be no wonder that the writings of one whose mind was so smooth and mollifying, whose soul so soon melted into his eyes, and whose

bowels flowed with such full streams of compassion,* should have possessed so many charms.

It is well known, however, that the whole of the Psalms were not written by David, although several of the Greek and Latin Fathers affirm they were; and he is emphatically designated, "The sweet Psalmist of Israel." (2 Sam. xxiii. 1.) It is true that most of them were written by him; yet Moses, and Asaph, and Ethan, and Heman, and the sons of Korah, and Solomon, and others, if we are to be guided by historical testimony, and the titles which are prefixed to some of them, shared, "by the same Spirit," in their composition.

The Book of Psalms, in its original form, is the most ancient collection of poems in the world. The occasions on which these sacred songs were composed are numerous; and the subjects to which they refer, and on which they enlarge and descant, are as diversified as are the truths embodied in the whole revelation of God, and are more interesting and important than any other which can engage the attention of the mind of man.

The inspired muse of David, and of those who were associated with him in furnishing canticles to the church, has awakened the muse of many gifted with the genius of poetry. The Psalms have been translated or imitated in verse in a great number of languages. We have them in "a short kind of Hebrew verse," by Dr. Etheridge, Professor of

* See "Resolves : Divine, Moral, Political." By Owen Feltham, Esq. 8vo. 1709, p. 109.

Greek in the University of Oxford, during the reign of Elizabeth; in Greek verse, by Duport; in Latin, by Hesus, the German Homer, also by Buchanan,* and Johnston; in French, by Marot and Beza, and others; in Italian, by Paschali; and in Dutch, by Dathænus. Besides these, we have metrical versions in Welsh, Gaelic, and other languages too numerous to mention. But there is no language in which there are so many poetical versions of the Psalms, either in the form of professed translations, or of paraphrases, as in our own. The number is almost incredible. It has been ascertained, that nearly seventy versions of the entire Psalms in metre have been published since the Reformation dawned upon the world.† And almost every kind of verse, regular and irregular, Pindaric and heroic, lyrical and blank, has been pressed into service by authors, as the taste of each directed, in order to make their versions attractive and impressive. Of these, the authorized version by Sternhold and Hopkins, with all its defects, is the most literal; Tate and Brady's, the most overloaded with finery; Withers's, the most harmoniously faithful; Merrick's, the most measured and stately; and Watts's, the most evangelical and popular.

* Of Buchanan's version Mackenzie says, "It is executed with such inimitable sweetness and elegance, that this version of the Psalms will be esteemed as long as the world endures."

† For the gratification of book-worms and the lovers of sacred poesy, we have subjoined a list both of entire and partial versions of the Psalms, chronologically arranged, at the end of this volume.

Great, however, as is the number of poetical versions of the whole Book of Psalms in our language, the number of partial versions, ranging from one psalm to fifty psalms, or more, is far greater. Among these partial versions must be included the one we now publish by Charles Wesley. For, although it contains nearly the whole, it is not complete; nor is Dr. Watts's itself complete, although ranked among the entire versions. According to his "Psalms of David, imitated in the Language of the New Testament," the sixth edition, (1727,) twelve are wanting. This version of Charles Wesley's wants rather more than twice that number; and of some others the versions are imperfect. It is, however, the opinion of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, S.T.P., of Richmond, expressed in a communication which the editor received from him on the subject, that this collection contains all the psalms Charles Wesley ever versified. It includes the whole of the "Penitential Psalms," and the "Psalms of Degrees," as they have been designated; four of the "alphabetical psalms," and fragments of two others; but of the comminatory and historical psalms there is no version.

The additional volume of metrical Psalms which we are now giving to the public, is taken, chiefly, from a manuscript in the handwriting of the immortal poet of Methodism, whose stanzas will continue to be sung with pleasure and delight through all succeeding generations, till "there shall be time no longer." The manuscript to which we refer was undoubtedly at one period the property of Lady

Huntingdon. It contains her book-plate, with this inscription: "Selina, Countess Dowager of Huntingdon;" and the inference is, that it was presented to her ladyship by its highly-gifted author some time while she was on terms of close intimacy with him and his brother John. To those who ask, as some have done, "Where has this manuscript been sleeping so long, and what was its pillow?" we answer, The shelves of a college; but what college, shall be nameless; although the binding of the manuscript clearly indicates from whence it came. From the archives of this college, along with duplicates of books, this manuscript found its way into the London market; and it is believed that neither the vendors nor the buyer knew what it was. It was under these circumstances that the editor met with it; and he at once recognised the handwriting, and was happy to gain possession of so valuable a treasure. He has always viewed this event as providential, as it might have fallen into other hands, ignorant of the fact that it was the work of Charles Wesley; and thus it might have been lost to the church and to the world to all generations.

The metrical version of the Psalms which compose this volume is of a mixed character, consisting partly of translations, and being partly paraphrastic, partly imitative, and partly adapted. They are written in all the measures found in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book; and therefore, so far as they are adapted to be sung, the tunes which suit the one will suit the other. Though Charles Wesley has not always

confined himself to the letter of the Psalms which he versified, yet in every case he has embodied the spirit, and in many of them he has kept close to the sense, of the original.

That eminent biblical critic, Bishop Horsley, has observed, "There is not a page in the Book of Psalms in which the pious reader will not find his Saviour, if he read with a view of finding him; and it was but a just encomium of it that came from the pen of one of the early Fathers, that it is a complete system of divinity for the use and edification of the common people of the Christian church."* Now Charles Wesley, having found the Saviour every where in the Psalms, introduces the Saviour every where in his version; and has presented him, and all the great truths of experimental and practical religion, to our attention in the most pleasing, soul-stirring, soul-inspiring verse.

Samuel Wesley, jun., the brother of Charles and John, wrote a piece entitled, "Upon altering the Psalms, to apply them to a Christian State." It is as follows:—

HAS David *Christ to come* foreshow'd?
Can Christians then aspire
To mend the harmony that flow'd
From his prophetic lyre?

How curious are their wits, and vain,
Their erring zeal how bold,
Who durst with meaner dross profane
His purity of gold!

* "Preface to the Book of Psalms," p. x.

His Psalms unchanged the saints employ,
Unchanged our God applies ;
They suit the' apostles in their joy,
The Saviour when he dies.

Let David's pure, unalter'd lays
Transmit through ages down
To thee, O David's Lord, our praise !
To thee, O David's Son !

Till judgment calls the seraph throng
To join the human choir,
And God, who gave the ancient song,
The new one shall inspire.*

No doubt these beautiful lines were directed against Dr. Watts's "Psalms of David imitated in the Language of the New Testament;" but they were certainly uncalled for and unnecessary. Such a course as Samuel Wesley advocates in these verses would have excluded from the churches of Christendom every thing in the form of a metrical Psalm, however appropriate and edifying. Besides, he himself, unless blinded by prejudice, must have been self-condemned, in using the version of Sternhold and Hopkins. Surely he did not believe their version to be the "Psalms unchanged," or "David's pure, unaltered lays," which he wished to be transmitted down to distant ages !

It is amusing to look back and contemplate the strong feeling which existed, at one period, among a certain class of clergymen, and some of those

* "Poems on Several Occasions, by SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M., Master of Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon, sometime Student of Christ Church, Oxford; and near twenty years Usher in Westminster School." 2 vols. 18mo. p. 357.

enlightened ones, against any innovations upon Sternhold and Hopkins. Even the celebrated Romaine was filled with "great wrath" on this subject. He on one occasion argued as if the words of Sternhold and Hopkins, which were sung in the churches, were the words of the Holy Ghost. "I blame nobody," he says, "for singing human compositions. I do not think it sinful or unlawful, so the matter be scriptural. My complaint is against preferring men's poems to the good word of God, and preferring them to it in the church. I have no quarrel with Dr. Watts, or any living or dead versifier.* I would not wish all their poems to be burnt! My concern is to see Christian congregations shut out divinely-inspired Psalms," (Sternhold and Hopkins's version!) "and take-in Dr. Watts's flights of fancy; as if the words of a poet were the words of a prophet,—or as if the wit of man was to be preferred to the wisdom of God. When the church is met together in one place, the Lord God has made provision for their songs of praise,—a large collection and great variety,—and why should not these be used in the church according to God's express appointment? I speak not of private people or of private singing, but of the church in its public service. Why should the provision which God has made be so far despised as to become quite out of use? Why should Dr. Watts, or any hymn-maker, not only take the precedence of the Holy Ghost, but also thrust him entirely out of the

* Both John and Charles Wesley were then living.

church? Insomuch that the rhymes of a man are now magnified above the word of God, even to the annihilating of it in many congregations. If this be right, men and brethren, judge ye.” *

This is certainly a marvellous effusion, considering the source from whence it came; and tends to the same point as the verses of Samuel Wesley. We have introduced these remarks, in order to show the powerful objections which existed in some minds against the introduction of poetical versions of the Psalms, like these of Charles Wesley, whether in the form of adaptations, imitations, or paraphrases, at the time they were composed, into the public worship of Almighty God.

The late Dr. Adam Clarke, after giving from Bishop Horne a number of passages found in the Psalms which are quoted in the New Testament, has justly observed, “That several of the above quotations are directly *prophetic*, and were intended to announce and describe the Redeemer of the world, there is not the slightest reason to doubt: that others of them are *accommodated* to the above subject, their own historical meaning being different, may be innocently credited; but, let it always be remembered, that these accommodations are made by the same Spirit by which the Psalms were originally given; and that this Spirit has a right to extend his own meaning, and adapt his own

* “An Essay on Psalmody.” (By the Rev. William Romaine.) 8vo. London. Printed in the year MDCCLXXV. Pp. 105, 106.

words to subjects, transactions, and times, to which, from similarity of circumstances, they may be applicable. Many passages of the Old Testament seem to be thus quoted in the New ; and often the words a *little altered*, and the meaning *extended* to make them suitable to existing circumstances.”* It is only by some such accommodation or extension of meaning as is here referred to, that, to use the words of Samuel Wesley before cited, with regard to the Psalms,

“ They suit the’ apostles in their joy,
The Saviour when he dies ;”

and yet this is what he inconsistently condemns !

Charles Wesley, however, in his poetical version, has not been guilty to any great extent of accommodating or adapting the Psalms to states and circumstances. With a heart of love and lips of fire, he has sung the complaints, and the afflictions, and the penitential supplications, and the triumphs and thanksgivings of David ; and if, as Bishop Horsley has affirmed, “ David’s complaints against his enemies are Messiah’s complaints, first, of the unbelieving Jews, then of the Heathen persecutors and the apostate faction in the latter ages ; David’s afflictions are the Messiah’s sufferings ; David’s penitential supplications are the supplications of Messiah in agony ; David’s songs of triumph and thanksgiving are Messiah’s songs of triumph and thanksgiving for his victory over sin, and death,

* Introduction to the Book of Psalms. First Edition. 4to. P. xiv.

and hell ;”—then Charles Wesley has emphatically sung the Messiah. And, like David, he has also sung the glories of creation, the nature and value of the word of God, the care of a superintending Providence, the original dignity of man, the degrading effects of sin, the glad tidings brought to mankind by the gospel, the unparalleled love of God to the world, the extent and efficacy of the atonement, the ascension of the Saviour, the power and operations of the Holy Ghost, the anguish of a wounded conscience, the “sighings of a broken heart and the desires of such as be sorrowful,” the desolations of a soul deprived of the favour of God, the work of faith, the joys of pardon, the beauties of holiness, the labour of love, the anticipations of hope, the triumphs of the church, and its universal establishment, the millennial reign of the Prince of Peace, the last general judgment, and the final overthrow and everlasting destruction of the wicked ;—on all these subjects, and more, he has sung in his own style ; a style characterized by smoothness, and harmony, and pathos, and power, and beauty, and occasionally by sublimity and grandeur. There is nothing in the form of poetry within the whole compass of uninspired language to surpass in composition many of the Psalms in this volume.

The cxixth Psalm may be taken as one of those instances in which the true poetic genius of Charles Wesley shines forth in unrivalled splendour. In a didactic composition extending to one hundred and seventy-six verses, in each of which the cognate terms, *testimonies, laws, words, commandments, ways, judg-*

ments, &c., are of perpetual occurrence, he has, by a touch of his pen more potent than that of the famed philosopher's stone, transmuted the tin of the old dispensation into the pure gold of the Christian sanctuary. "The law had *only* a shadow of good things to come." Knowing that the glory involved in the observance of the Mosaic requirements was as nothing in comparison "of the glory that excelleth," and that the vail cast over the face of the Jewish lawgiver "is done away in Christ," our gifted poet has presented to us an enchanting and well-sustained poem, which, without any approach to tautology, exhibits all the pleasing variety, warmth, and freshness of original verse, while it tenaciously adheres to the spirit of the inspired Psalmist.

In the year 1762 were published "Short Hymns on select Passages of the Holy Scriptures. BY CHARLES WESLEY, M.A., and Presbyterian of the Church of England." They seldom extend beyond two verses on each passage; but every one of them is a perfect gem of sacred poesy. Of those which were written on the Book of Psalms, many have been chosen, and placed after the particular texts which they were intended to elucidate.

The editor of this version of the Psalms has often read them in manuscript to his own personal edification and comfort. While perusing them, he has caught the inspiration of the writer, and has been raised "to the height" of the lofty themes on which he so eloquently descants. He has frequently been filled with the tenderest emotions, has had his

heart warmed and his spirit stirred within him, his desires drawn out after God and his affections towards him inflamed, and has been made wiser and better while thus engaged; and he prays, now they are published, that they may have the same happy effects upon thousands.

The editor cannot conclude this brief Introduction without observing, that, notwithstanding the severe ordeal through which the system that the Wesleys left to the world has recently had to pass, their followers have not yet to say, "Our psaltery is laid on the ground, our song is put to silence, our rejoicing is at an end." (2 Esdras x. 22.)

KETTERING,
July 13th, 1854.

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A

POETICAL VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, A.M.

PSALM I.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man, and none but he,
 Who walks not with ungodly men ;
Nor stands their evil deeds to see,
 Nor sits the innocent to' arraign ;
The persecutor's guilt to share,
Oppressive in the scorner's chair.
- 2 Obedience is his pure delight,
 To do the pleasure of the Lord ;
His exercise by day and night
 To search his soul-converting word ;
The law of liberty to prove,
The perfect law of life and love.
- 3 Fast by the streams of Paradise
 He as a pleasant plant shall grow ;
The tree of righteousness shall rise,
 And all his blooming honours show ;
Spread out his boughs, and flourish fair,
And fruit unto perfection bear.
- 4 His verdant leaf shall never fade,
 His works of faith shall never cease ;

B

His happy toil shall all succeed,
Whom God himself delights to bless :
But no success the' ungodly find,
Scatter'd like chaff before the wind.

- 5 No portion and no place have they
With those whom God vouchsafes to' approve ;
Cast in the dreadful judgment-day,
Who trample on their Saviour's love ;
Who here their bleeding Lord deny,
Shall perish, and for ever die.

PSALM II.

- 1 WHY do the Jews and Gentiles join
To execute a vain design,
Idly their utmost powers engage,
And storm with unavailing rage ?
- 2 Earth's haughty kings their Lord oppose ;
The rulers list themselves his foes,
To fight against their God agree,
And slay the' incarnate Deity :
- 3 As sworn their Maker to dethrone,
And Jesus, his anointed Son,
To rise from all subjection freed,
And reign Almighty in his stead.
- 4 The Lord that calmly sits above,
Enthroned in everlasting love,
Shall all their feeble threats deride,
And laugh to scorn their hateful pride.
- 5 Then shall he in his wrath address
And vex his baffled enemies :—

- “ Yet I have glorified my Son,
And placed him on his Father’s throne.
- 6 “ Conqueror of sin, and death, and hell,
He reigns a Prince invincible :
All power is now to Jesus given,
Triumphant on the hill of heaven.”
- 7 “ I publish the divine decree,
That all shall live who trust in me :
Look unto me, ye ransom’d race,
Believe, and ye are saved by grace.
- 8 “ I heard my gracious Father say,
‘ Thou art my Son ; on this glad day
Thou art declared my Son with power,
Raised from the dead, to die no more.
- 9 “ “ Ask, and the Gentile world receive ;
All, all I to thy prayer will give ;
So dearly bought with blood Divine,
Lo ! every soul of man is thine.
- 10 “ “ Whoe’er withstand a pardoning God
Shall groan beneath thine iron rod :
Whoe’er their Advocate repel,
The anger of their Judge shall feel.
- 11 “ “ Wherefore to him, ye kings, submit ;
Be wise to fall and kiss his feet ;
With awful joy revere his sway,
Ye rulers of the earth, obey.
- 12 “ “ Worship the co-eternal Son,
Lest you in anger he disown,

His light withhold, his grace deny,
And leave you in your sins to die.

- 13 “ ‘Thrice happy all who trust in him,
All good, almighty to redeem !
They only shall his mercy prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.’ ”

PSALM III.

- 1 SEE, O Lord, my foes increase,
Mark the troublers of my peace ;
Fiercely 'gainst my soul they rise ;
“ Heaven,” they say, “ its help denies,
Help he seeks from God in vain,
God hath given him up to man.”
- 2 But thou art a shield for me,
Succour still I find in thee ;
Now thou liftest up my head,
Now I glory in thine aid,
Confident in thy defence,
Strong in thine omnipotence.
- 3 To the Lord I cried ; the cry
Brought my Helper from the sky ;
By my kind Protector kept,
Safe I laid me down and slept ;
Slept within his arms, and rose,
Bless'd him for the calm repose.
- 4 Kept by him, I cannot fear
Sin, the world, or Satan near
All their hosts my soul defies :
Lord, in my behalf arise !

Save me, for in faith I call,
Save me, O my God, from all !

5 Thou hast saved me heretofore,
Thou hast quell'd the adverse power,
Pluck'd me from the jaws of death,
Broke the roaring lion's teeth :
Still from all my foes defend,
Save me, save me to the end !

6 Thine it is, O Lord, to save :
Strength in thee thy people have ;
Safe from sin, in thee they rest,
With the gospel blessing blest,
Wait to see the perfect grace,
Heaven on earth in Jesu's face.

PSALM IV.

1 God of my righteousness,
Thy humble suppliant hear ;
Thou hast relieved me in distress,
And thou art always near :
Again thy mercy show,
The peaceful answer send,
Assuage my grief, relieve my woe,
And all my troubles end.

2 How long, ye sons of men,
Will ye blaspheme aloud ?
My honour wrong, my glory stain,
And vilify my God ?
How long will ye delight
In vanity and vice,

Madly against the righteous fight,
And follow after lies? '

3 Know, for himself the Lord
Hath surely set apart
The man that trembles at his word,
The man of upright heart :
And when to him I pray,
He promises to hear,
And help me in my evil day,
And answer all my prayer.

4 Ye sinners, stand in awe,
And from your sins depart ;
Out of the evil world withdraw,
And commune with your heart :
In thinking of his love
Be day and night employ'd ;
Be still, nor in his presence move,
But wait upon your God.

5 Offer your prayer and praise,
Which he will not despise,
Through Jesus Christ, your Righteousness,
Accepted sacrifice :
Offer your heart's desires ;
But trust in him alone,
Who gives whatever he requires,
And freely saves his own.

6 The world with fruitless pain
Seek happiness below,
"What man," they ask, but all in vain,
"The long-sought good will show?"

The brightness of thy face
Give us, O Lord, to see,
Glory on earth, begun in grace,
And happiness in thee.

7 Thou hast on me bestow'd
(All-gracious as thou art)
The taste divine, the sovereign good,
And fix'd it in my heart ;
Above all earthly bliss
The sense of sin forgiven,
The hidden joy, the mystic peace,
The antepast of heaven.

8 Of gospel-peace possessest,
Secure in thy defence,
Now, Lord, within thine arms I rest,
And who shall pluck me hence ?
Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell
Shall evermore remove,
When all renew'd in thee I dwell,
And perfected in love.

PSALM V.

1 O LORD, incline thy gracious ear,
My plaintive sorrows weigh,
To thee for succour I draw near,
To thee I humbly pray.
Still will I call, with lifted eyes,
"Come, O my God and King !"
Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
And full deliverance bring.

- 2 On thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace ;
None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face.
In souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight ;
Nor shall they, while unsaved from sin,
Appear before thy sight.
- 3 Thou hatest all that evil do,
Or speak iniquity ;
The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue,
Are both abhorr'd by thee.
The greatest and minutest fault
Shall find its fearful doom ;
Sinners in deed, or word, or thought,
Thou surely shalt consume.
- 4 But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait :
I trust in thy unbounded grace,
To all so freely given,
And worship toward thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.
- 5 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide,
Point out the path before my face ;
My God, be thou my guide !
The cruel power, the guileful art,
Of all my foes suppress,

Whose throat's an open grave, whose heart
Is desperate wickedness.

6 Thou, Lord, shalt drive them from thy face,
And finally consume ;
Thy wrath on the rebellious race
Shall to the utmost come.
But all who put their trust in thee
Thy mercy shall proclaim ;
And sing, with cheerful melody,
Their dear Redeemer's name.

7 Protected by thy guardian grace,
They shall extol thy power,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy praise,
And triumph evermore :
They never shall to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept and cover'd with the shield
Of thine Almighty love.

VERSE III.

EARLY in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

1 OBJECT of thy guardian care,
Heaven-ward I direct my prayer ;
Rock of my security,
Thankful I look up to thee !

2 Bless'd with yet another day,
Let me live my God to' obey,
Live thine utmost will to prove,
Live to pray, repent, and love.

VERSE VII.

IN thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

- 1 ASSISTED by preventing grace,
I bow me toward the holy place,
Faintly begin my God to fear,
His weak, external worshipper.
- 2 But if my Lord his blood apply,
Entering into the holiest, I
Boldly approach my Father's throne,
And claim him all in Christ my own.

PSALM VI.

- 1 LORD, in thy wrath no more chastise :
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise
Against a child of man :
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
And heal my soul, diseased and sick,
And full of sin and pain.
- 2 Body and soul thy judgments feel,
Thy heavy wrath afflicts me still :
O when shall it be o'er?
Turn thee, O Lord, and save my soul,
And for thy mercy's sake make whole
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Here, only here, thy love must save :
I cannot thank thee in the grave,
Or tell thy pardoning grace ;
Who dies unpurged, for ever dies ;
The sinner, as he falls, he lies
Shut up in his own place.

- 4 Weary of my unanswer'd groans ;
Yet still with never-ceasing moans
I languish for relief ;
With tears I wash my couch and bed ;
My strength is spent, my beauty fled,
My life worn out with grief.
- 5 But shall I to my foes give place ?
Or in the name of Jesus chase
My troublers all away ?
In Jesu's name, I say, "Depart,
Devils and sins, nor vex my heart !
For God hath heard me pray.
- 6 "The Lord hath heard my groans and tears ;
The Lord shall still accept my prayers,
And all my foes o'erthrow :
Shall conquer, and destroy them too,
And make even me a creature new,
A sinless saint below."

ANOTHER.

- 1 In thine utmost indignation,
Do not, Lord, thine own chastise ;
In thine infinite compassion,
Hear my feeble, dying cries !
Hear me, for my bones are vexed ;
O forgive, forgive my sin !
Sick I am, and sore perplexed,
All a troubled sea within !
- 2 Lord, how long shall thy displeasure
Lengthen out my punishment ?

O correct me, but in measure !
Let thy yearning heart relent :
Sinner's Friend, and kind Receiver,
Cast my sins behind thy back :
Turn me now, my soul deliver,
Save me, for thy mercy's sake !

3 O reverse the mortal sentence !
Let me live to sing thy grace :
After death is no repentance ;
Dead, I cannot speak thy praise.
Spent I am with endless groaning,
Wash with tears my sleepless bed ;
Weary of my fruitless moaning,
Send my gasping spirit aid !

4 Shorn of all my strength, I languish ;
See, I faint beneath my load !
Faint through deep distress and anguish,
Faint into the arms of God !
God, to me, in great compassion,
Doth a gracious token give ;
I shall see his whole salvation,
I shall all his love retrieve.

5 Leave me, then, to Jesus leave me,
Ye that gloried in my fall !
Jesu's arms shall still receive me,
He hath heard my mournful call :
He hath answer'd my petition,
Show'd himself the sinner's Friend,
Saved me in my lost condition,
He shall save me to the end.

6 By a world of foes surrounded,
By the hellish sons of night,
I shall see them all confounded,
Put to everlasting flight.
He who hath my sins forgiven,
All my sins to death shall doom,
Hence as by a whirlwind driven :—
Come, my utmost Saviour, come !

PSALM VII.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, on thy great name
I still for help depend ;
From sin, the world, and hell redeem,
And save me to the end.
- 2 The lion, ready to devour,
Would tear my soul and slay ;
Ah ! leave me not to Satan's power,
But spoil him of his prey.
- 3 Arise, O Lord, thine arm make bare,
Confound the haughty pride
Of all my foes ; in wrath declare
That thou art on my side.
- 4 So shall the saints surround thy throne
With joyful songs of praise ;
For Israel's sake thy servant own,
And save me by thy grace.
- 5 Lift thyself up, awake for me,
My cause in mercy plead ;
Lead captive my captivity,
And make me free indeed.

- 6 Command iniquity to cease,
And make an end of sin ;
'Stablish the just in righteousness,
And bring thy nature in.
- 7 Succour and strength in God I have,
Who never will depart ;
But keep, and to the utmost save,
The men of simple heart.
- 8 His righteousness I will proclaim,
His goodness glorify,
And celebrate the Saviour's name,
And praise the Lord Most High.

PSALM VIII.

- 1 SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,
How excellent thy name !
Held in being by thy word,
Thee all thy works proclaim :
Through this earth thy glories shine,
Through those dazzling worlds above,
All confess the Source Divine,
The' Almighty God of love !
- 2 Thou, the God of power and grace,
Whom highest heavens adore,
Callest babes to sing thy praise,
And manifest thy power,
Lo ! they in thy strength go on,
Lo ! on all thy foes they tread,
Cast the dire Accuser down,
And bruise the Serpent's head.

-
- 3 Yet, when I survey the skies
And planets as they roll,
Wonder dims my aching eyes,
And swallows up my soul ;
Moon and stars so wide display,
Chant their Maker's praise aloud,
Pour insufferable day,
And draw me up to God !
- 4 What is man, that thou, O Lord,
Hast such respect to him ?
Comes from heaven the' incarnate Word,
His creature to redeem :
Wherefore wouldst thou stoop so low ?
Who the mystery shall explain ?
God is flesh, and lives below,
And dies for wretched man.
- 5 Jesus his Redeemer dies,
The sinner to restore,
Falls that man again may rise,
And stand as heretofore ;
Foremost of created things,
Head of all thy works he stood,
Nearest the great King of kings,
And little *less than* God ! *
- 6 Him with glorious majesty
Thy grace vouchsafed to crown ;
Transcript of the One-in-Three,
He in thine image shone :
-

* So it is in the Hebrew.

All thy works for him were made,
 All did to his sway submit ;
 Fishes, birds, and beasts obey'd,
 And bow'd beneath his feet.

7 Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
 How excellent thy name !
 Held in being by thy word,
 Thee all thy works proclaim :
 Through this earth thy glories shine,
 Through those dazzling worlds above,
 All confess the Source Divine,
 The' Almighty God of love !

PSALM X.

VERSES I., II., XII., XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII.

1 WHY standest thou, O Lord,
 Far from thine own removed,
 And suffer'st those thou hast abhorr'd
 To vex whom thou hast loved ?
 Ah ! wherefore dost thou hide
 Thy face from our distress,
 Nor check the persecutor's pride,
 And prosperous wickedness ?

2 Arise, O God, arise !
 O God, lift up thine hand !
 No longer seem to slight our cries,
 But all our foes withstand.
 The poor in his distress
 Commits himself to thee,
 Thou Helper of the fatherless,
 Thou Friend of misery !

- 3 Confound the tyrant's power,
 The man of sin o'erthrow ;
 Our depth of wickedness explore,
 Root out our inbred foe.
 When sin is all destroy'd,
 Its being and remains,
 We then shall say, "The Lord is God,
 Our King for ever reigns."
- 4 Thou, Lord, hast heard the prayer
 That sighs the mourners' want ;
 And thou wilt still their hearts prepare,
 And hear their sad complaint ;
 To judge the fatherless,
 And save the humble poor,
 Till Satan can no more oppress,
 And sin exists no more.

VERSE III.

THE covetous the Lord abhorreth.

- 1 MISERS ! hear, by God abhorr'd,
 Tremble at the dreadful word,
 While indulged with a reprieve,
 Cursed, yet still on earth ye live !
- 2 Hate, renounce the sin ye love,
 Ere the Judge from *earth* remove,
 Ere his wrath in *hell* ye bear,
 Want a drop of water there !

PSALM XI.

- 1 ON the Lord my soul is stay'd :
 Wherefore do ye bid me fly

To the mountain-top for aid?
My strong Mountain still is nigh.
Jesu's arms are my defence:
Who shall come and pluck me thence?

2 Lo! the wicked bend their bow
At the men of heart sincere;
Secretly their darts they throw,
Neither God nor man they fear.
Whither shall the righteous run?
Justice *here*, for them, is none,

3 But the Lord who dwells above
Truth and righteousness maintains;
On his awful throne of love
Sovereign Arbiter he reigns;
Sends from thence his piercing eyes,
All that is in man descries.

4 God beholds and loves his own;
God abhors the faithless seed,
Rains his fiery judgments down
On the persecutors' head,
Gives them *here* the trembling cup,
Fills in *hell* the measure up.

5 Righteous in himself, the Lord
Only righteousness approves;
Sinners, by his grace restored,
Truly justified, he loves;
Grants them *here* the perfect grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.

PSALM XII.

- 1 HELP, O Lord ! the faithful fail,
Scarce a man continues just.
Shall the gates of hell prevail ?
Shall the church on earth be lost ?
- 2 Every soul from thee departs,
Bold to cast thy words behind ;
Men of double tongues and hearts,
False as hell are all mankind !
- 3 God shall judge the faithless race,
Bruise them with an iron rod,
All who walk in pride abase,
Make the rebels own their God.
- 4 " Surely now," the Lord hath said,
" I will in my might arise,
Bring my needy servants aid,
Answer all their plaintive sighs.
- 5 " I myself will save the' opprest ;
Placed beyond the tyrant's power,
Satan shall no more molest,
Sin shall never reach him more."
- 6 True and faithful is the Lord,
All that he hath spoke shall be ;
Pure his every written word,
From the dross of falsehood free.
- 7 In the earthy furnace tried,
In the soul of fallen man,

Lo ! as silver purified
All his promises remain.

8 Thou, O Lord, shalt all fulfil ;
Earth and hell a while may rage ;
Thou art our Preserver still,
Christ is ours from age to age.

PSALM XIII.

- 1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
Wilt thou for ever hide thy face ?
Leave me unchanged, and unrestored,
An alien from the life of grace ?
- 2 How long shall I inquire within,
And seek thee in my heart, in vain,
Vex'd with the dire remains of sin,
Gall'd with the tyrant's iron chain ?
- 3 How long shall Satan's rage prevail ?
(I ask thee with a faltering tongue ;)
See at thy feet my spirit fail,
And hear me feebly groan, "How long ?"
- 4 Hear me, O Lord my God ! and weigh
My sorrows in the scale of love ;
Lighten my eyes, restore the day,
The darkness from my soul remove.
- 5 Open my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
O snatch me from the gulf beneath !
Save, or my gasping spirit dies,
Dies with an everlasting death.

- 6 Ah ! suffer not my foe to boast
His victory o'er a child of thine ;
Nor let the proud Philistines' host
In Satan's hellish triumph join.
- 7 Will they not charge my fall on thee ?
Will they not dare my God to blame ?
My God, forbid the blasphemy,
Be jealous for thy glorious name !
- 8 Thou wilt ! thou wilt ! My hope returns :
A sudden spirit of faith I feel ;
My heart in fervent wishes burns,
And God shall there for ever dwell.
- 9 My trust is in thy gracious power,
I glory in salvation near ;
Rejoice in hope of that glad hour
When perfect love shall cast out fear.
- 10 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
The goodness I experience now ;
And still I hang upon thy word,
My Saviour to the utmost thou !
- 11 Thy love I ever shall proclaim,
A monument of thy mercy I ;
And praise the mighty Jesu's name,
Jesus the Lord, the Lord Most High !

PSALM XIV.

VERSE VII.

- 1 O THAT all the mournful nation
Might, with me, Taste and see
Jesus's salvation !

2 O that all who *would* rely on
Jesu's love, Now might prove
Safety is in Sion !

3 Jesus from our sins shall save us,
He shall soon Claim his own,
He who bought will have us.

4 When he frees our souls from prison,
Love and joy Shall employ
All the gospel-season.

5 As a wide-extended river,
Israel's peace Shall increase,
Flow, and flow for ever.

PSALM XVI.

1 O LORD, thy faithful servant save,
Faith in thy name thou know'st I have,
My soul hath call'd thee mine :
My good cannot to thee extend,
My good did first from thee descend,
And all I have is thine.

2 I feel thy yearning bowels move ;
Thy people for thy sake I love,
In them alone delight ;
The saints who *here* thine image bear,
Who *here* thy spotless nature share,
And walk with thee in white.

3 But those that serve the prince of hell,
His wretched slaves, I still repel,
Nor in their offerings join ;

My soul their fellowship disclaims,
My lips shall never name their names,
Or call their pleasures mine.

4 The Lord himself my portion is ;
Thou reachest out my cup of bliss,
And wilt no more remove ;
My fair inheritance thou art ;
The needful thing, the better part,
I find in perfect love.

5 The Lord I will for ever bless ;
The Counsellor and Prince of Peace,
He teaches me his will ;
He doth with mighty pains chastise,
And makes me to salvation wise
By every scourge I feel.

6 Him have I set before my face,
The pardoning God of boundless grace,
Of everlasting love ;
By faith I always see him stand ;
And with him placed on my right hand
I never shall remove.

7 Wherefore my heart doth now rejoice ;
I wait to hear thy quickening voice ;
My flesh exults in hope ;
Thou wilt not leave me in the grave ;
Sure confidence in thee I have
That thou wilt raise me up.

8 As sure as God brought back our Head,
Our great good Shepherd, from the dead,
I shall right early rise ;

My soul shall no corruption see ;
My soul, O Lord, shall rise with thee,
And mount above the skies.

- 9 Thou wilt the path of life display,
And lead me in thyself the way,
Till all thy grace is given :
Fulness of joy with thee there is ;
Thy presence makes the perfect bliss,
And where thou art is heaven.

PSALM XVII.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS Lord, attend my cry,
Hearken to my earnest prayer ;
Now absolve me, or I die,
Now mine innocence declare,
From the' accuser's charge release,
Clear me by thy righteousness,
- 2 Jesu, take the sinner's part,
Plead my cause, in pity plead ;
Thou hast proved my trembling heart,
Hast from condemnation freed,
Visited my nature's night,
Cheer'd me by the gospel light.
- 3 Lord, thou know'st my simpleness,
Guile thou shalt not find in me,
Fully purposed through thy grace
Sin to' eschew, and cleave to thee,
Satan's works and ways to shun,
Guided by thy word alone.

-
- 4 Still support me in thy ways,
And my foot shall never fall ;
Thou hast heard my calls for grace,
Thou wilt hear me when I call ;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear me, Lord, and hear me now !
- 5 Send me succour from above,
Thou whose arm is bared to save
Those who trust thy wondrous love,
Who in thee affiance have ;
Saviour thou from all their foes,
All who thee and thine oppose !
- 6 Keep me, who in thee confide,
As the apple of thine eye ;
Shade me with thy wings, and hide
While my deadly foes are nigh ;
Ever greedy to devour,
Save me from the' oppressor's power !
- 7 Lo ! they still my steps surround,
Watch my helpless soul to slay !
Thou their cruel pride confound,
Spoil the lion of his prey !
Thou, for Satan's downfall, rise,
Cast the' accuser from the skies !
- 8 Save me from the wicked, Lord,
Weapons of thy wrath severe,
Thine avenging scourge and sword,
Men who have their portion here,
With all worldly good endow'd,
Poor, and destitute of God !

- 9 But my whole desire thou art,
 Happy when I see thy face ;
 When renew'd and pure in heart,
 Partner of the perfect grace,
 Bright I in thine image shine,
 Satisfied with love Divine.

VERSE VIII.

HIDE me.

- 1 HIDE me from the wrath of God,
 From the hell reveal'd within,
 From the soul-afflicting load,
 From the tyranny of sin !
- 2 Bear me to that land of rest,
 Land of sweet forgetfulness !
 Grant me, Lord, my one request,—
 Final, everlasting peace !

VERSE XV.

WHEN I wake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied.—*Prayer-Book
 Translation.*

- 1 UNLIKE my God I cannot rest,
 For sin is perfect misery :
 But stamp thine image on my breast,
 Conform my hallow'd soul to thee.
- 2 Partaker of thine utmost grace,
 My soul would then be satisfied,
 As Moses, when he saw thy face,
 And sank into thine arms and died.

PSALM XVIII.

PART I.—VERSE I., &c.

- 1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my power !
My rock and fortress is the Lord,
My God, my Saviour, and my tower,
My horn and strength, my shield and sword ;
Secure I trust in his defence,
I stand in his omnipotence.
- 2 Still will I invoke his name,
And spend my life in prayer and praise,
His goodness own, his promise claim,
And look for all his saving grace,
Till all his saving grace I see,
From sin and hell for ever free.
- 3 He saved me in temptation's hour,
Horribly caught and compass'd round,
Exposed to Satan's raging power,
In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd,
Condemn'd the second death to feel,
Arrested by the pangs of hell.
- To God, my God, with plaintive cry
I call'd, in agony of fear ;
My humble wailing pierced the sky,
My groaning reach'd his gracious ear ;
He heard me from his glorious throne,
And sent the timely rescue down.

PART II.—VERSE VII., &c.

- 5 When God did on my part appear,
Astonish'd at his frowning look,
The earth was moved, and quaked for fear,
The hills to their foundation shook,
The everlasting mountains bow'd,
In presence of my angry God.
- 6 A smoke out of his nostrils pour'd,
And upwards roll'd its gloomy spire ;
A fire out of his mouth devour'd,
A stream of sin-consuming fire :
His lightnings flew with surest aim,
His foes were fuel to the flame.
- 7 The heavens in his descent he bow'd,
And darkness for his carpet spread,
His chariot was a sable cloud,
The wind his fervid wings he made,
By chariots drawn, the King of kings
Came flying on a whirlwind's wings.
- 8 Darkness he made his secret place,
And threw the wide pavilion round ;
Darkness and clouds eclipsed his face,—
How inaccessibly profound !
Implunged in waves of deepest night
The' Eternal Uncreated Light !
- 9 A ray he darted from his throne,
And bade the scatter'd clouds retire ;
His clouds dispersed, his terrors shone,
And dropp'd in flakes of livid fire ;

The waves, congeal'd, with horror fell
In hasty showers of rattling hail.

10 The Lord from heaven in thunder spoke ;

The Lord most terrible, most high,
Sent forth his mighty voice, and shook
The battlements of earth and sky ;
His wrath in storms of hail he show'd,
As burning coals his judgments glow'd.

11 He lanced the weapons of his war,

His arrows of vindictive flame ;
His lightnings, with pernicious glare
And right inevitable aim,
Before the rolling thunder flew,
And all my blasted foes o'erthrew.

12 The watery stores discover'd were,

Broke open by his chiding breath ;
It laid the world's foundations bare,
And show'd the mighty springs beneath ;
The deep at thy rebuke was seen,
The centre let thine earthquake in.

13 He sent his warrant from above,

And claim'd, and seized my soul for his ;
He drew me by the cords of love,
Implunged in sin's profound abyss ;
Redeem'd me from the tempter's power,
Nor let my stronger foes devour.

14 They caught me in my evil day,

On every side they kept me in ;

But God was my defence and stay,
He pluck'd me from the straits of sin,
Brought forth into a wealthy place,
And freely saved me by his grace.

PART III.—VERSE XXVII., &c.

- 15 Thou still shalt save the poor opprest,
And bring their proud oppressors down ;
The Lord will give his people rest,
Will comfort his afflicted one ;
My God shall in my darkness shine,
And fill my lamp with light Divine.
- 16 By thee I have a troop broke through,
And scaled the wall, O God, by thee ;
Thy way is right, thy word is true,
And fully verified in me :
My Lord is faithful to redeem,
The shield of all that trust in him.
- 17 For who, except the Lord, is God ?
Who is a rock but God alone ?
My soul he hath with strength endued,
To perfect love he leads me on ;
My feet, through him, the hinds outfly,
And spurn the earth and scale the sky.
- 18 'Tis God instructs my hands to war,
My arms have broke a bow of steel ;
My soul is more than conqueror,
And strong in strength invincible ;
Thou hast a shield on me bestow'd,
The mercy of my Saviour-God.

- 19 Sustain'd by thine almighty hand,
And greaten'd by thy gentle love,
My feet, new-taught on thee to stand,
And swiftly in thy paths to move,
Confirm'd, upheld on every side,—
My feet could neither sink nor slide.
- 20 My foes I challenged forth to fight,
And vex'd them with offensive war,
Follow'd, o'ertook, and stopp'd their flight,
Nor would from the pursuit forbear,
'Till crush'd, consumed, beneath my power,
They sunk, they fell, to rise no more.
- 21 Thou, Lord, hast girded me with might,
And arm'd my soul for conquests new ;
When other hosts appear'd in sight,
Thine arm did other hosts subdue,
Compell'd the aliens to submit,
And bow'd their necks beneath my feet.
- 22 The Lord for me doth ever live :
Blessing ascribe to God Most High !
Glory and thanks to Jesus give,
The Rock on which I still rely !
Extol his power, his mercies raise,
The God of my salvation praise !
- 23 'T is God who vindicates my right,
And all my foes persists to' o'erthrow ;
Thou hast redeem'd me by thy might,
Superior to my inbred foe,
Thy love hath set my spirit free,
And bade me live, O Lord, to thee.

- 24 Wherefore I will exalt thy Name,
And teach the Heathen world thy praise ;
In songs of sacred joy proclaim
Thy riches of redeeming grace,
Till all the Heathen world confess
And hymn the Lord our Righteousness.
- 25 Mighty to save, his love we sing,
The love that doth our souls convert ;
The Christian is his priest and king,
The David after his own heart ;
And all his seed—his church—adore
The love that saves for evermore.

PSALM XIX.

PART I.

- 1 OUR souls the book of nature draws
To' adore the First Eternal Cause :
The heavens articulately shine,
And speak their Architect Divine ;
And all their orbs proclaim aloud
The wisdom and the power of God.
- 2 See, in yon glorious azure height,
The Sovereign, Uncreated Light !
That vast expanse of liquid air
Doth his immensity declare ;
And every influence from above,
His bounteous, universal love.
- 3 The sure-succeeding night and day
His providential care display ;—

Who bade them to their bounds retire,
And stand, as choir to answer choir,
His knowledge infinite to tell,
And show the Great Invisible.

4 Kindreds, and tongues, and nations, hear
His all-informing messenger.
Stretching to earth's remotest bound,
The heavens their Maker's praise resound,
And speak the power by which they shine,
And gospelize the Love Divine.

5 God in that spacious firmament
Hath pitch'd the solar planet's tent ;
Forth from his chamber in the east,
The sun, in flaming yellow drest,
Comes, as a bridegroom blithe and gay,
To cheer the world, and bring the day.

6 With giant-strength he comes from far,
Exulting on his rapid car ;
And, starting from the heavenly goal,
Holds on his course from pole to pole,
Earth's inmost stores his rays admit,
And all things feel the genial heat.

PART II.

7 The book of covenanted grace
Its heavenly origin displays ;
Strong characters of Love Divine
Throughout the sacred volume shine ;
Jehovah, by his word, is show'd
The glorious legislative God.

- 8 Jehovah's law all-perfect is,
Nor can it e'er receive increase ;
Nor can it e'er diminish'd be ;
From error and corruption free,
It turns the soul which turns to it,
And makes the man of God complete.
- 9 The testimony of the Lord,
Deliver'd in his written word,
Is sure, inviolably sure,
And shall from age to age endure ;
The simple it with grace supplies,
And makes them to salvation wise.
- 10 The statutes of the Lord are right ;
His laws and equity unite ;
Reason Divine in all is show'd,
Adjusted to his creatures' good ;
They bring us peace, and power impart,
When written on the' obedient heart.
- 11 The Lord's command is plain, and free
From darkness and impurity ;
It purges and restores the sight,
Guides, by a clear, unerring light,
The sinner in the paths of peace,
Convinced of sin and righteousness.
- 12 The fear of God restrains from sin,
Is clean, and makes the sinner clean :
The strict, unalterable law,
Which keeps the faithful soul in awe,
Can never lose its binding power,
But lives and reigns for evermore.

- 13 The judgments of the Lord are true,
And all his faithfulness they show ;
His perfect equity decrees,
To all, rewards or penalties ;
And soon the righteous Judge shall seal
Their endless doom,—in heaven or hell !
- 14 How precious all thy sayings are !
No treasure can with these compare :
Thy sayings are the soul's repast,
Sweeter than honey to the taste ;
They drop like manna from above,
Or flow in streams of joy and love.
- 15 Thy words are my delight and guide,
And warn me, lest I start aside :
Thrice happy are thy servants, Lord ;
Obedience is our great reward ;
We own, to whom the grace is given,
To do thy will on earth—is heaven.
- 16 But who can all his errors tell,
Or count the thoughts by which he fell ?
Omniscient God, to thee alone
My sin's infinity is known !
Do thou my secret faults efface,
And show forth all thy cleansing grace.
- 17 Till then, from wilful sin restrain,
Nor let it o'er thy servant reign ;
Withhold me by thy mercy's power,
And keep, till I can sin no more,
From all the inward taint set free,
Restored to Paradise and thee.

18 O might my every thought arise
Well-pleasing in thy glorious eyes !
My every word advance thy praise,
The strength of thy redeeming grace !
And all I have, and all I am,
Extol the power of Jesu's name !

VERSE XI.

IN keeping of them there is great reward.
THE work of righteousness is peace :
The great reward's already given ;
And all thy servants, Lord, confess,
Obedient love is present heaven.

PSALM XX.

1 FAITHFUL soul, thy Lord be near
Throughout thine evil day !
Thee the God of Jacob cheer,
The name of Jesus stay !
Arm thee with preserving grace,
Be thy safeguard and defence,
Hear thee from his holy place,
And send deliverance thence !

2 God be mindful of thy prayers,
Accept thy sacrifice,
Treasure up thy gracious tears,
And answer all thy sighs !
Grant thee all thy heart's desire,
All thy good designs approve,
Higher raise thy joys, and higher,
And perfect thee in love !

3 We will glory in thy Name,
O God, thy conquest sing ;
Thee triumphantly proclaim,
Our Saviour and our King.
Now I know the Lord from high
Succours his anointed one ;
Still his arm shall strength supply,
And send salvation down.

4 Some in chariots put their trust,
In horses some confide :
We of God will make our boast,
And in his word abide :
Him we ever bear in mind,
All his faithful mercies claim,
Life, and strength, and succour find
In Jesu's conquering Name.

5 All our foes by thy right hand
Are suddenly brought down ;
We are lifted up, and stand,
And stand by faith alone :
Still on thee we cast our care,
On thine only love depend ;
King of saints, regard our prayer,
And save us to the end.

VERSES VII., VIII., IX.

1 SOME put their trust in chariots,
And horses some rely on ;
But God alone
Our help we own ;
God is the strength of Sion.

- 2 His Name we will remember
In every sore temptation,
And feel its powers ;
For CHRIST is ours,
With all his great salvation.
- 3 We are his ransom'd people,
And he that bought will have us ;
Secure from harm,
While JESU's arm
Is still stretch'd out to save us.
- 4 He out of all our troubles
Shall mightily deliver,
And then receive
Us up to live
And reign with him for ever.

PSALM XXI.

- 1 THE soul shall be glad, In Jesus restored,
Anointed and made A King with his Lord ;
His high exaltation With transport receive,
And in thy salvation Triumphantly live.
- 2 His hearty request, Thou, Lord, hast bestow'd,
With holiness blest, That image of God ;
The baptizing fire, The heavenly birth,
Hath lifted him higher Than kings of the earth.
- 3 His head thou hast crown'd With gold from above,
No dross can be found In perfected love ;
The gold—it is pure, Unmingled with sin,
The kingdom is sure Of heaven within.

-
- 4 Long life he desired, To spend in thy praise ;
And thou hast inspired His soul with thy grace,
Hast bid the believer Thy Spirit receive,
And gave him for ever And ever to live.
- 5 This, this is his boast And triumph, that God,
To save what was lost, Should shed his own blood :
Thy honour and glory On him thou hast laid,
And made him in thee Eternally glad.
- 6 Eternally blest And joyful in thee ;
Admitted to rest, Thy presence to see ;
He trusts in his Saviour : Who then shall remove
His soul from thy favour, His heart from thy love ?
- 7 Thou reignest supreme In goodness and power ;
Thy mercies redeem, Thy judgments devour,
Thy fire shall consume Who madly offend,
Thy justice shall doom To woes without end.
- 8 Thy weighty right hand Shall find out thy foes,
Who mercy withstand, And Jesus oppose ;
Who dare thy displeasure Thy judgments shall feel,
And fill up their measure Of torments in hell.
- 9 The vengeance decreed Yet farther shall go,
And root out the seed Of sinners below,
Because they offended, Maliciously proud,
And vainly intended Their rage against God.
- 10 Thou, therefore, O Lord, Shalt put them to flight,
The nations abhorr'd Drive out of thy sight ;
The shafts of thy quiver Shall aim at their face,
Transfix them for ever When in their own place.

- 11 Take to thee thy power, O Jesus, and reign ;ⁱ
So shall we adore Thy goodness to man,
Thy mighty compassion, Thy conquering love,
Till in thy salvation We triumph above.

PSALM XXII.

PART I.

- 1 MY God, my God ! I cry to thee !
Ah ! why hast thou forsaken me,
Who still lament and groan ?
Far from my passionate complaint,
Why hast thou suffer'd me to faint,
And seem'd for ever gone ?
- 2 To thee, by day and night, I cry,
Incessant pray ; but no reply
To soothe my endless care !
O thou, that answerest not a word,
O thou, by Israel's tribes adored,
Regard my dying prayer !
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy aid,
To thee in all their troubles pray'd,
And thou didst hear their cry.
Our fathers were not put to shame,
But, oft as they invoked thy name,
They found deliverance nigh.
- 4 But I, a slighted worm, in vain
For help unto my God complain ;
The help I cannot find ;

Cut off, alas ! from all relief,
A wretched man of hopeless grief,
The outcast of mankind !

5 All those that see me bruised and torn,
Rejoice and laugh my soul to scorn,
And aggravate my load ;
They glory in their cruel deed,
Shoot out the lip, and shake the head,
And mock my trust in God.

6 "He trusted in the Lord," they cry,
"That he would save him from on high ;
Let him his own receive ;
If God in him doth take delight,
He now may claim his lawful right,
And bid his favourite live !"

PART II.

7 But thou art he, O God, through whom
I issued from my mother's womb ;
And, hanging on the breast,
By thee I still was kept from harms,
And in thy everlasting arms
Have always found my rest.

8 O do not at a distance stand !
For sore distress is hard at hand,
A host of foes surround ;
As Basan's bulls, they gape and roar,
As lions, ready to devour,
And none to help is found.

- 9 My blood pour'd out like water is,
Sharp pangs my soul and body seize,
Disjointing all my bones ;
My heart like wax before the fire
Dissolves ; my life doth all expire
In agonizing groans !
- 10 Thy wrath doth on my soul abide ;
My strength is as a potsherd dried ;
And, blasted by thy breath,
My tongue cleaves to my gums : thy frown
Hath broke my heart, and brought me down
Into the dust of death !
- 11 Encompass'd by the dogs of hell,
The rage of fiends and men I feel.
They pierced my hands and feet ;
My starting bones may all be told ;
With joy my sufferings they behold,
And all my pangs repeat !
- 12 My clothes they equally divide,
My vesture they by lot decide :
But thou, O Lord, be nigh ;
Make haste to' appear, my Strength, my Lord,
My soul deliver from the sword,
Revive me when I die !
- 13 Redeem my life from Satan's power ;
Nor let the lion's mouth devour,
The unicorn's destroy :
Thou hast from all their fury freed,
And raised thy Shepherd from the dead,
And fill'd with endless joy.

PART III.

- 14 Thy name I therefore will reveal,
Thy goodness to my brethren tell ;
To all the' assembled crowd
Declare the precious gospel-grace !
Who fear the Lord exalt his praise,
And love the pardoning God !
- 15 Their God let Israel glorify,
Who gave his Son for all to die,
Who raised him up again ;
He hath not scorn'd the mourner's care,
But seen his grief and heard his prayer,
And heal'd him of his pain.
- 16 Thy glory, Lord, I will display,
My vows before the people pay,
My thanks and praises give ;
The poor shall sing and feast like me ;
And they who fear him now shall see
The face of God, and live.
- 17 Your heart shall find a heaven below,
Eternal life in Jesus know ;
The world shall feel his power :
They all shall to their Saviour turn,
And tribes and nations yet unborn
Their bleeding Lord adore.
- 18 Supreme by his eternal birth,
Prince of the potentates on earth,
The Lord his sway maintains ;

Glory and power are his alone ;
 High on his everlasting throne
 The King Messiah reigns.

19 The great shall to his sway submit ;
 Monarchs shall taste his heavenly meat,
 And at his footstool fall :
 Him every knee shall bow before,
 And every soul of man adore
 The God that died for all.

20 A seed shall first their Lord confess,
 Elect through perfect holiness,
 His own peculiar seed :
 His will shall all by them be done,
 Redeem'd and saved by grace alone,
 And saints,—and free indeed.

21 The spotless church on earth shall rise,
 Declare to all the ransom-price
 For every soul laid down ;
 And every soul shall then believe ;
 To Christ their whole salvation give,
 And live to God alone.

VERSE XI.

O go not from me, for trouble is hard at hand.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

TROUBLE and sin are hard at hand,
 Alas ! too intimately near !
 I cannot in temptation stand,
 Unless my God is always here,
 Unless my Saviour stands between :—
 Parted one moment from thy power,
 I fall into my bosom-sin,
 And, left by thee, should rise no more.

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 JESUS the good Shepherd is ;
 Jesus died the sheep to save ;
 He is mine, and I am his ;
 All I want in him I have,—
 Life, and health, and rest, and food,
 All the plenitude of God.
- 2 Jesus loves and guards his own ;
 Me in verdant pastures feeds ;
 Makes me quietly lie down,
 By the streams of comfort leads :
 Following him where'er he goes,
 Silent joy my heart o'erflows.
- 3 He in sickness makes me whole,
 Guides into the paths of peace ;
 He revives my fainting soul,
 'Stablishes in righteousness ;
 Who for me vouchsafed to die,
 Loves me still,—I know not why !
- 4 Unappall'd by guilty fear,
 Through the mortal vale I go ;
 My eternal life is near ;
 Thee my Life in death I know ;
 Bless thy chastening, cheering rod,
 Die into the arms of God !
- 5 Till that welcome hour I see,
 Thou before my foes dost feed ;
 Bidd'st me sit and feast with thee,
 Pour'st thy oil upon my head ;

Giv'st me all I ask, and more,
Mak'st my cup of joy run o'er.

6 Love Divine shall still embrace,
Love shall keep me to the end ;
Surely all my happy days
I shall in thy temple spend,
Till I to thy house remove,
Thy eternal house above !

VERSE II.

HE maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the
still waters.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

BEAR me to the sacred scene,
The silent streams and pastures green !
Where the crystal waters shine,
Springing up with life divine ;
Where the flock of Israel feed,
Guided by their Shepherd's tread,
And every sheep delights to hide
Under the tree where Jesus died.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THE earth, with all her fulness, owns
JEHOVAH for her sovereign LORD ;
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at his Word.

2 His Word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is,
Lanch'd on the floods this solid ball,
And fix'd it in the floating seas.

-
- 3 But who shall quit this low abode?
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face?
- 4 The man whose hands and heart are clean
That blessed portion shall receive;
Who here by grace is saved from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.
- 5 He shall obtain the starry crown,
And, number'd with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.
- 6 This is the chosen royal race,
That seek their Saviour-God to see;
To see in holiness thy face,
O Jesus, and be join'd to thee.
- 7 Thou the true wrestling Jacob art,
Whose prayers, and tears, and blood inclined
Thy Father's majesty to' impart
His Name, his Love, to all mankind.
- 8 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 9 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

- 10 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in."
- 11 "Who is this King of glory, who?"
"The LORD that all his foes o'ercame.
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew:
And JESUS is the conqueror's name."
- 12 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 13 "Who is this King of glory, who?"
"The LORD of glorious power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd."

PSALM XXV.

- 1 To thee, O Lord, my soul I raise;
I trust in thee for pardoning grace;
Ah! put me not to shame!
Ah! do not let my sins prevail!
Let none who wait thy mercy fail,
But all who hate thy name.
- 2 Thy ways to me, O Jesus, show,
And teach me in thy paths to go;
Direct my willing heart:
O God of my salvation, lead
A soul that in thy steps would tread,
Nor ever more depart.

- 3 All the day long I wait on thee ;
In tender love remember me,
And save me by thy grace :
Forgive, forget my follies past,
Behind thy back in mercy cast,
And all my sins efface.
- 4 The righteous Lord is kind and good :
Sinners who faint beneath their load,
He quickly will relieve ;
Instruct and grant them power to' obey,
Whom first he brings into his way,
And freely doth forgive.
- 5 The meek he will in mercy guide,
Nor let the lame be turn'd aside,
Who now their burden feel ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways
To them that keep his pardoning grace,
And love to do his will.
- 6 Thy will, O God, I fain would do ;
To me thy pardoning mercy show,
For which I ever wait ;
Forgive me, for thy glorious Name,
Because I a mere sinner am,—
Because my sin is great.
- 7 What man is he that fears the Lord ?
Divinely taught his sacred word,
He all his will shall prove ;
His soul shall dwell in perfect peace ;
His seed shall the new earth possess,
The Paradise of love.

- 8 The secret of the Lord is known
To humble, trembling souls alone,
Pierced through with filial fear ;
He will to them his covenant show,
Ordain'd his spotless life to know
And bear his image here.
- 9 Mine eyes to God I ever lift ;
I humbly wait the heavenly gift,
Which shall my guilt remove ;
From all the toils of hell set free,
Redeem from all iniquity,
And perfect me in love.
- 10 Turn to me, Lord, in mercy turn !
While with redoubled grief I mourn,
My troubled heart relieve ;
Look on my pain with pitying eye,
My load remove, my guilt pass by,
And all my sins forgive.
- 11 Regard my cruel, countless foes ;
While fiends, and men, and sins oppose,
My constant Saviour prove :
O ! let me not be put to shame,
Who trust in thine Almighty name,
And hang upon thy love !
- 12 Preserve my waiting soul in peace,
Thine image, in true holiness,
To me, to all, restore :
An end of sin let Israel see ;
From all his troubles saved by thee,—
Let Israel sin no more.

VERSE IX.

THEM that are meek shall he guide in judgment.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

MAKE me, Saviour, as thou art,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart :
Then thou wilt persist to save,
Still uphold me on the wave,
Safely steer through life's rough sea
To my heavenly port in thee.

VERSE XV.

MINE eyes are ever looking unto the Lord : for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

LORD, to thee I lift mine eyes,
Ever lift mine eyes to thee,
Till thine answer from the skies
Sets my heart at liberty.
Pluck my soul out of the snare,
Then I all thy truth shall prove,
All thy saving power declare,
All thy sanctifying love.

VERSE XVIII.

Look upon my adversity and misery ; and forgive me all my sin.
—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 JESUS, with pitying eye
Regard thy creature's pain.
Out of the depths to thee I cry,
A wretched, sinful man !
- 2 This is my only plea,—
I am not fit to live,
I am all sin and misery,
And therefore, Lord, forgive !

PSALM XXVI.

- 1 GIVE sentence, Lord, with me ;
 For I have injured none,
But walk'd in my integrity,
 And good for evil done.
 Thou know'st mine innocence,
 And labour to maintain
A conscience void of all offence
 Towards every soul of man.
- 2 Yet not in this I trust,
 But in the living God,
Who died and rose, to make me just
 By sprinkling me with blood.
 Herein do I confide,
 Herein I rest secure ;
My feeble steps shall never slide,
 But stand in Jesus sure.
- 3 Examine me, O Lord,
 And try my heart and reins ;
Prove, and discover by thy word
 Whate'er of sin remains.
 I see thy pardoning love,
 And in the truth abide,
Till all the truth in thee I prove,
 For ever sanctified.
- 4 For this I have forsook
 The false dissembling race,
From all their vain engagements broke,
 And hated all their ways.

I wash my hands and heart
In innocence Divine ;
My righteousness, O Lord, thou art,
For all my sins were thine.

5 Cleansed by the sacred blood,
I to thine altar go,
In songs to spread thy Name abroad,
And all thy wonders show.
Lord, I have loved the place
Where thou record'st thy Name,
And by the channels of thy grace
For ever found I am.

6 Through thee resolved I am
Mine innocence to keep ;
Uphold me by thy saving Name,
And I shall never slip.
O that I in thy blood
May full redemption have !
Renew me, thou all-gracious God.
And to the utmost save.

7 Here on thy promise, Lord,
My foot of faith stands sure ;
Thee will I with thy saints record,
Till thou hast made me pure.
Then will I bless thy Name,
Till, join'd to those above,
The length, and breadth, and height proclaim,
And depth, of Jesu's love.

PSALM XXVII.

- 1 THE Lord my great salvation is,
My life and health, my joy and peace,
My light, my comfort, and my power.
Whom shall I now submit to fear?
Though hell, the world, and sin are near,
They never shall my soul devour.
- 2 To swallow up my soul they came ;
But arm'd with faith in Jesu's name,
I more than conquer'd them in fight ;
They stumbled on my Rock, and fell ;
And should their host again assail,
I scorn to fear their baffled might.
- 3 I trust in an almighty Lord ;
He shall fulfil his gracious word,
And grant the blessing I require ;
That I throughout my happy days
May in his house record his praise ;
This, this is all my heart's desire :
- 4 Still in his hallow'd courts to dwell,
To see the Great Invisible,
And ever on his beauties gaze ;
The channels of his grace attend,
Till perfect grace in glory end,
And I in heaven behold his face.
- 5 My soul, distress'd on every side,
He shall in his pavilion hide,
And in his secret place secure :

God shall direct my wandering feet,
And on a Rock of safety set,
And make in Christ my goings sure.

6 Even now he lifteth up my head,
And, lo ! on all my foes I tread,
Conqueror of sin, and earth, and hell ;
Wherefore I in his house will sing,
With grateful joy, my God and King,
And all his glorious praises tell.

7 Still then to thee for help I cry :
Regard me with a pitying eye,
And answer me in pardoning grace ;
Soon as I hear thy Spirit speak,
“Turn, wandering heart, thy Saviour seek,”
My heart repents, believes, obeys.

8 Thy favour will I seek again :
Ah ! do not, Lord, my soul disdain,
Nor hide thy face, nor stop thine ear !
Thou hast my help in troubles been ;
O leave me not a prey to sin !
O God of my salvation, hear !

9 When left by all, and void of hope,
Surely the Lord shall take me up,
And guide me in his perfect way.
Hell, earth, and sin my course oppose ;
Bear me, O God, through all my foes,
Nor suffer them my soul to slay.

- 10 False witnesses against me rise,
And hurt my soul with cruel lies ;
(Their father in his children speaks ;)
The' accuser of the brethren stands,
My life his forfeiture demands,
And still my death eternal seeks.
- 11 My spirit utterly had fail'd,
Had not the' Almighty God upheld,
And wrought a patient hope in me ;—
Hope against hope to' obtain his grace,
To see on earth his glorious face,—
His face in holiness to see.
- 12 Wherefore, to all I cry, " Believe !
Sinner, the faithful word receive,
Away with thy despairing fear !
Thy God his nature shall impart ;
Believe, and he shall change thy heart,
And he shall make thee perfect here."

PSALM XXVIII.

- 1 To thee, my Lord, my Rock, I cry,
Ah ! do not thou reject my prayer :
My prayer if thou reject, I die,
Like those who perish in despair,
The unbeliever's doom I meet,
And sink into the burning pit.
- 2 The voice of my complaint attend,
While earnest I implore thy grace,
While at thy feet my soul I bend,
And worship towards thy holy place,

Lift up my heart, and humbly claim
Thy pardoning love in Jesu's name.

- 3 With sinners sweep me not away,
False workers of iniquity,
Whose souls thou wilt for ever slay,
Because thy works they will not see,
Or mercy at thy hands receive,
Or timely come to thee, and live.
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord! for he hath heard
The voice of my continued prayer;
I thought he would at last regard
A soul that cast on him his care:
On him I with my heart believed,
And I am help'd, and I am saved.
- 5 Wherefore my heart with joy is fill'd,
And dances to the Saviour's name;
He is my more than sevenfold shield;
In songs my Helper I proclaim,
The strength of all that trust in him,
All-good, almighty to redeem!
- 6 Thou strength of thine anointed ones!
Thine own persist to save and bless,
Cherish, and raise us up, thy sons,
To perfect power and perfect peace;
Exalt us all on earth to prove
Thine height of everlasting love.

PSALM XXIX.

- 1 YE worms, that wear an earthly crown,
Before the King of kings bow down,
Glory to God and worship give :
Honour is due to God alone ;
Fountain of power your Maker own,
And happy in his service live.
- 2 With joy the Lord of hosts proclaim,
Extol the great Jehovah's name,
His praises let your lives declare ;
His image be your costly dress,
Your beauty be his holiness,
His love your royal diadem wear.
- 3 His voice upon the waters is,
(What monarch hath a voice like his?)
Loud as ten thousand seas it roars ;
Above the firmament he sits,
And earth to the Great King submits,
And heaven its sovereign Lord adores.
- 4 The glorious God majestic speaks ;
From the dark cloud his terror breaks,
And waving sheets of lightning shine.
The' impetuous hurricane of sound
Rives the strong oaks, and shakes the ground :
For thunder is the Voice Divine.
- 5 Jehovah's voice the cedar rends,
And all the pride of Lebanon bends,
And strips and tears the scatter'd trees ;

The hinds affrighted calve, and die,
While mix'd with flames the thunders fly,
And rock the howling wilderness.

6 Creation hears his voice, and quakes ;
Sea, earth, and hell, and heaven he shakes,
Firm on his everlasting throne !
But all who in his temple praise,
And love and thank him for his grace,
Shall never, never be cast down.

7 High above all their Saviour sits,
And earth to the Great King submits,
And heaven its sovereign Lord adores ;
Jehovah sends his succours thence,
Arms them with his omnipotence,
And all their strength divine restores.

8 Jesus, to all who dare believe,
The fulness of his power shall give ;
The gospel hope, the glorious prize,
The perfect love, the perfect peace,
The everlasting righteousness,
The heaven-insuring Paradise.

PSALM XXX.

1 LORD, I will exalt thy grace,
Grace which hath exalted me ;
Me thou hast vouchsafed to raise,
Sunk in sin and misery ;
But thine own thou wouldst not leave,
Wouldst not let my foes prevail,

Me thou dost the victory give,
Victory over earth and hell.

2 Sick of sin, to thee I cried,
Thee, my loving Lord and God !
Thou the medicine hast applied,
Heal'd me by thy balmy blood.
Thou, omnipotent to save,
Hast redeem'd my soul from death,
Snatch'd it from the' infernal grave,
Kept it from the gulf beneath.

3 Sing, ye saints, unto the Lord,
Thank the Lord our Righteousness ;
All his faithfulness record,
All his power and pardoning grace :
Quickly is his anger past,
Never doth his grace remove ;
Long as life his love shall last,
Life eternal is his love.

4 If he seem awhile to chide,
Leave us a whole night to mourn,
Yet the veil is cast aside,
Yet he hastens to return.
Sure as the return of day
Chases all the shades of night,
Sorrow doth to joy give way,
Darkness to the gospel light.

5 "Never more shall I remove,"
In my prosperous state, I said,
"Thou the mountain of thy love
Hast so strong a barrier made."

Thou didst hide thy blissful face ;
Grieved to find my God depart,
Then I felt my want of grace,
Then I saw my feeble heart.

6 Yet again to thee, O Lord,
Humbled in the dust I cried,
Self-condemn'd and self-abhorr'd,
Bruised and chasten'd for my pride :
"What the profit of my blood,
When I sink into the grave?
There I cannot praise my God,
Cannot show thy power to save.

7 "Thee the dead cannot declare,
True and faithful to thy word :
Hear me now, in mercy spare,
Now thy ready help afford."
Surely thou hast heard, and turn'd
Into joy my heaviness,
Comforted a soul that mourn'd,
Clothed me with the robes of praise.

8 Thou hast girded me with joy,
That I might my Lord proclaim,
All my days in thanks employ,
Sing, and bless thy glorious Name :
Surely this my task shall be
Till I join the hosts above,
Plunged into the Deity,
Lost in all the depths of love!

PSALM XXXI.

PART I.

- 1 In thee, O Lord, I trust,
 And in thy saving Name ;
Faithful, and to thy promise just,
 O rid me of my shame !
 O never, never leave
 A sinner to his sin,
Who would thy gracious word receive,
 And longs to be made clean !

- 2 In condescending love
 Incline thine ear to me ;
Send down the answer from above,
 And haste to set me free :
 Be thou my rock, my tower,
 To which I still may fly ;
Redeem me, Saviour, by thy power,
 Redeem me, or I die !

- 3 Thee, Lord, I humbly claim,
 My rock, my fortress thou !
Act for the honour of thy Name,
 And save, O save me now !
 Jesus, my spirit stay,
 And bring me to thy breast,
And guide me in thyself the way
 To mine eternal rest.

- 4 Draw me out of the snare
 My foes have laid for me ;

Thou art my strength ; I cast my care,
My burden, all on thee !
Into thy hands, O God,
My spirit I commend ;
And thou, who bought'st me with thy blood,
Shalt love me to the end.

5 Who vainly trust in lies,
Their ways I have abhorr'd ;
My faith for sure relief applies
To my redeeming Lord.
On him alone I trust,
The Rock that cannot move ;
My joy, my glory, and my boast
Are in thy pardoning love.

6 For thou my soul hast known
When plunged in griefs and fears ;
Thy pity mark'd my every groan,
And noted all my tears ;
Thou hast not shut me up
With my old enemy,
But brought me forth, enlarged my hope,
And bid me walk in thee.

7 Have mercy then once more,
And save me in distress !
I groan beneath the fatal power
Of inbred wickedness !
Despised and hated I,
And shunn'd by friends and foes,
With trembling haste my neighbours fly
From my infectious woes !

- 8 Mine eye with sorrow fails,
My flesh and strength decay,
My soul, while sin again prevails,
Dissolves and dies away.
By all despised, forgot,
As long deceased I am ;
A vessel marr'd,—a thing of nought,—
A worm without a name !
- 9 The many-headed beast,—
I heard exclaim aloud,—
With furious rage which could not rest,
They all my ruin vow'd.
By force my soul they tried,
By cunning, to devour ;—
I saw their snares on every side,
And trembled at their power.

PART II.

- 10 But trusting in the word,
The word of grace alone,
“Thou art,” I said, “my God and Lord,
I claim thee for mine own.
Thou know'st the' appointed hour,
My times I leave to thee ;
Redeem me from the' oppressor's power,
From all my sins set free.
- 11 “Upon thy servant make
Thy blissful face to shine ;
And save, for thine own mercy's sake,
This helpless soul of mine.

Ah! do not let me fall,
O'erwhelm'd with endless shame!
For still in my distress I call,
O Jesus, on thy name!"

- 12 How vast the mercy's store
 Thou hast for them prepared,
Who thee with filial fear adore,
 And wait their full reward!
 Before they hence remove,
 Who trust in thee alone
Enjoy a Paradise of love,
 A heaven on earth begun.
- 13 Them in thy secret place
 Thou shalt securely hide,
Far from the persecuting race,
 The furious sons of pride.
 Thy presence shall defend,
 And their pavilion be;
Till all the storms and conflicts end,
 Their life is hid in thee.
- 14 Bless'd be the Saviour-God,
 Whose gracious power I prove!
His goodness he to me hath show'd,
 His miracles of love.
 Shut up in self and pride,
 Satan's strong-hold, I was,
My prison-doors he open'd wide,
 And saved me by his grace.
- 15 For in my heart I said,
 "I am forgotten quite,

Cut off from all relief and aid,
And cast out of thy sight ! ”
Yet did thy pity spare
A wretch condemn'd to die,
Heard all my agonizing prayer,
And answer'd all my cry.

16 O all ye saints of his,
Love your redeeming Lord !
He keeps the souls in perfect peace
Whose trust is in his word.
The' avenger of all those
Whose sins provoke his ire,
He fills the measure of their woes
In everlasting fire.

17 But ye that hope in him,
Be strong, be of good cheer,
Your souls he fully shall redeem,
And make you perfect here ;
His constant mind impart,
His image from above,
And 'stablish each believing heart
In everlasting love.

VERSE XX.

THOU shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence.

1 THY presence is the secret place
To which, thou know'st, I fain would fly ;
Bring me into that wilderness,
With thee alone to live and die !

From all the miseries I fear,
From all the miseries I feel,
From my own memory severe,
Thou only canst my soul conceal.

- 2 Come, Lord, thy glorious face display,
This world of woe and sin to' exclude ;
Bear in thine hands my soul away,
Thyself my long-sought solitude :
I now into thy hands resign
My life, to be conceal'd above,
As satisfied with Life Divine,
As quite absorb'd in heavenly love.

PSALM XXXII.

- 1 BLEST is the man, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who finds in Jesu's wounds his rest,
And sees the smiling face of Heaven.
The guilt and power of sin is gone
From him that doth in Christ believe,
Cover'd it lies, and still kept down,
And buried in his Saviour's grave.
- 2 Bless'd is the man, to whom his Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace restored,
From all the guile of Satan free ;
Free from design, or selfish aim,
Harmless, and pure, and undefiled,
A simple follower of the Lamb,
And harmless as a new-born child.

3 But while through pride I held my tongue,
Nor own'd my helpless unbelief,
My bones were wasted all day long,
My strength consumed with pining grief ;
Crush'd by thine anger's heavy hand,
Burnt up as a dry barren ground,
I ever of my sin complain'd ;
But no relief or mercy found.

4 Resolved at last, "To God," I cried,
"My sins I will at large confess ;
My shame I will no longer hide,
My depth of desperate wickedness.
All will I own unto my Lord
Without reserve or cloaking art :"
I said ; and felt the pardoning word,
Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.

5 For this shall every child of God
Thy power and faithful love declare,
And claim the grace on all bestow'd
Who make to thee their timely prayer.
But when the floods of judgment rise
And sweep their guilty souls away,
Remains for sin no sacrifice ;
For ended is their gracious day.

6 Thou art my hiding-place : in thee
I rest secure from sin and hell ;
Safe in the love that ransom'd me,
And shelter'd in thy wounds, I dwell.
Still shall thy grace to me abound ;
The countless wonders of thy grace

I still shall tell to all around,
And sing my Great Deliverer's praise.

7 "I will instruct thy child-like heart,"
(My Teacher saith, for ever nigh,)
"Nor let thee from my paths depart,
But guide thee with my gracious eye :
Only my gracious look obey,
And yield my perfect will to' approve,
Nor cast my easy yoke away,
Or stop thine ears against my love.

8 "Whoe'er like horse and mule withstand,
And follow their own stiff-neck'd will,
I bruise beneath my weighty hand,
And force them all my plagues to feel.
But he that dares in me confide
Shall only know my pardoning grace,
My mercy's arms on every side
Shall every faithful soul embrace."

9 Ye faithful souls, rejoice in him
Whose arms are still your sure defence ;
Your Lord is mighty to redeem :
Believe ; and who shall pluck you thence ?
Ye men of upright hearts, be glad,
For Jesus is your God and Friend ;
He keeps whoe'er on him are stay'd,
And he shall keep them to the end.

VERSE VII.

THOU art a place to hide me in.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 JESUS, the sinner's hiding-place,
My sanctuary thou art ;
Preserve me in thy love's embrace
From my own evil heart.
- 2 Open thine heart to take me in
Beyond the tempter's power,
And hide where my besetting sin
May never find me more.

PSALM XXXIII.

PART I.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS souls, rejoice in God ;
Meet it is for you to praise
Him who hath the gift bestow'd,
Made you vessels of his grace.
Praise the Lord, ye saints, and sing,
All your sacred skill exert,
All the powers of music bring :
Praise him with a thankful heart.
- 2 Sing the new, the gospel song,
Make a loud and cheerful noise ;
Praise doth all to him belong,
In his faithful word rejoice.
All his works are good and right,
Only such can he approve ;
Righteousness is God's delight,
Earth is full of Jesu's love.

3 By his mighty fiat made,
Heaven confess'd the sovereign Lord ;
All his hosts his voice obey'd,
Sprang from nothing at his word.
He commands the sea to stand,
Drawn into a hanging heap,
In the hollow of his hand
Treasures up the boundless deep.

4 Him let all the nations fear,
Him let all the world obey,
Earth's inhabitants revere,
Humbly own his awful sway.
Spake the Lord, and it was done,
He the earth's foundations laid,
By his providence alone
God sustains the world he made.

5 In his providential reign
O what various wisdom shines !
He confounds the pride of man,
Blasts the Heathen's vain designs ;
Brings their counsels all to nought ;
Only his abideth sure ;
What the gracious Lord hath thought
Shall from age to age endure.

PART II.

6 Bless'd the people are that own
God, the Lord of all, for theirs ;
Chosen by his grace alone,
Made his servants and his heirs ;

God, who from his holy place,
Where he ever reigns supreme,
All the sons of men surveys,
Smiles peculiarly on them.

7 He from his eternal throne
Looks the whole creation through ;
All mankind to him are known,
All is naked to his view :
God discerns the hearts he made,
Nothing is by him forgot ;
All are in his balance weigh'd,
Every act, and word, and thought.

8 Kings by him in safety reign,
Not by their unnumber'd host ;
Vain the vaunted strength of man,
Vain the mighty giant's boast.
Trusting in the warlike horse,
None through him deliverance have ;
Vain is all the creature's force,
God, and only God, can save.

9 Lo ! the Lord's all-seeing eye
Watches over them for good,
Humbly who on him rely,
Trust him both for life and food :
He from death their souls retrieves,
He in death sustains his own,
While to him our spirit cleaves,
Hangs for help on him alone.

10 He is our defence and shield ;
By his everlasting word,

By his faithful love upheld,
Wait we to receive our Lord,
Him our heart shall soon proclaim,
Joyfully with love o'erflow,
We have trusted in his name,
We shall all his nature know.

- 11 Jesus, full of truth and grace !
Let us now thy mercy prove ;
Let the gospel-word take place,
Perfect us in faith and love.
Have we not in thee believed ?
Vainly can we trust in thee ?
Speak us to the utmost saved,
Free from sin, for ever free.

PSALM XXXIV.

VERSE VIII.

O TASTE and see that the Lord is good.

- 1 TASTE him in Christ, and see
The' abundance of his grace ;
Experience God, so good to me,
So good to all our race !
- 2 Celestial sweetness prove
Through Jesu's grace forgiven,
And then enjoy in perfect love
The largest taste of heaven.

VERSE XII.

WHAT man is he that lusteth to live, and would fain see good days?—
Prayer-Book Translation.

My lust of life is gone ; yet here
 A few good days I fain would see,
 Days from the clouds of passion clear,
 Days to adore and honour thee :
 I ask on earth a longer space,
 Thy love to' attain, and testify,
 To' experience all the life of grace,
 And sinless at thy feet to die.

PSALM XXXV.

VERSE III.

SAY unto my soul, I am thy salvation.

Who can soothe the soul's distresses ?
 Jesus, Lord, Thy kind word
 All my sorrows eases :
 By the virtue of thy passion
 Make me whole ; Tell my soul,
 " I am thy salvation ! "

PSALM XXXVI.

1 His heart, to every vice inclined,
 The sinner's closest sin bewrays ;
 The fear of God he casts behind,
 He hides himself among the trees ;
 Self-soothing in his lost estate,
 Sleeps on secure, and wakes too late.

-
- 2 His words are all deceit and lies ;
He hatches mischief on his bed ;
No longer to salvation wise :
In every thought, and word, and deed,
He cleaves to sin, and sin alone ;
Evil and he, I find, are one.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace ;
Above the clouds thy mercies rise ;
Steadfast thy truth and faithfulness,
Thy word of promise never dies ;
Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove,
The base of thine eternal love.
- 4 Unsearchable thy judgments are,
A boundless, bottomless abyss !
But, lo ! thy providential care
O'er all thy works extended is :
In thee the creatures live and move,
And are : all glory to thy love !
- 5 Thy love sustains the world it made ;
Thy love preserves both man and beast ;
Beneath thy wing's almighty shade
The sons of men securely rest ;
And those who haunt the hallow'd place
Shall banquet on thy richest grace.
- 6 Their souls shall drink the crystal stream
Which ever issues from thy throne :
Fountain of joy and bliss supreme,
Eternal life and thou are one ;
To us, to all, so freely given,
The light of life, the heaven of heaven !

- 7 Stay, then, with those that know thy peace,
The simple men of heart sincere ;
From all their foes and sins release,
From pride and lust redeem them *here* ;
Thine utmost saving grace extend,
And love, O love them to the end !
- 8 The prayer is seal'd : we now foresee
The downfall of our inbred foes :
Jesus hath got the victory,
His own right hand our sins o'erthrows,
Destroys their being with their power :
They die, they fall to rise no more.

PSALM XXXVII.

PART I.

- 1 FRET not thyself in vain
At evil men's success,
Nor envy them the fatal gain
Of prosperous wickedness :
For all their pomp shall pass,
Their glory, wealth, and power,
Cut down and wither'd as the grass,
And fleeting as an hour.
- 2 Trust in the Lord, and still
Thy faith by works approve ;
So shall he 'stablish thee, and fill
With blessings from above.
Delight thee in thy God,
And God HIMSELF shall give ;

Shed in thy heart his love abroad,
And there for ever live.

- 3 Commit unto the Lord
Thyself and all thy ways ;
Trust him to keep his faithful word,
And bring the things to pass.
He shall, in all men's sight
Thy righteousness display,
Thine innocence as clear as light,
And glaring as the day.

- 4 Thou in the Lord be still,
With patient hope attend ;
And wait the counsel of his will,
And calmly mark the end.
Ah ! let not go thy peace,
Nor at the sinner grieve ;
Who, vainly boasting his success,
Doth for a moment live.

- 5 Cast thy concern away,
Thy rising grief control ;
Lest anger into sin betray,
And poison all thy soul.
Cut off by wrath divine,
The wicked soon shall cease ;
But who on God their souls recline,
They shall the land possess.

PART II.

- 6 Pass a few days or years,
The sinner's boast is o'er ;

His pomp no more on earth appears,
His place is found no more.
But still the meek shall live,
With every blessing blest ;
Fulness of gospel-peace receive,
And everlasting rest.

- 7 The wicked plots the death
 Of the detested just ;
And gnashes on them with his teeth,
 Who put in God their trust.
 But God shall him deride ;
 He sees his evil day
Approach, to end the tyrant's pride,
 And sweep from earth away.
- 8 Sinners have drawn the sword,
 And ready bent their bow,
To slay the servants of the Lord,
 The needy to o'erthrow.
 But God his power shall show,
 And take his servants' part ;
Their bow shall break, their sword go through
 Their own malicious heart.
- 9 The little of the just
 'T is better to possess,
Than all the wealth of those that trust
 In their own wickedness.
 Their strength shall be broke down,
 Their insolence and power :
But still the Lord upholds his own,
 And keeps them evermore.

-
- 10 He knows their happy days ;
 Their lot shall still abide ;
In time of dearth the righteous race
 Shall all be satisfied.
 Kept in the evil time,
 While all the wicked fail,
Haters of God, they bear their crime,
 And vanish into hell.
- 11 The wicked borrower owes,
 But never pays again ;
Mercy the righteous lender shows,
 And gives his gifts to men.
 Whom God hath cursed shall cease,
 Uprooted by his hand ;
But whom he condescends to bless,
 They shall possess the land.
- 12 In paths of righteousness
 He leads his servant right ;
His servant's steady walk he sees
 With favour and delight.
 Though into trouble cast,
 He shall not fall away ;
The Lord supports, and holds him fast,
 And shall for ever stay.
- 13 I never yet have seen
 The righteous, or their seed,
Wandering among the sons of men,
 And destitute of bread.
 Freely he gives and lends ;
 And what to God is given,

In blessings on his seed descends
Who lays up wealth in heaven.

PART III.

- 14 Evil do thou eschew,
 Do good with all thy power,
And perfect holiness pursue,
 And dwell for evermore.
 Lover of holiness,
 The Lord preserves his own,
When all the sinner's offspring cease,
 For ever lost and gone.
- 15 Saints shall possess the land,
 And dwell for ever there;
Confess the faith by which they stand,
 Their righteousness declare.
 The law is writ within
 The pure and perfect heart;
The saint indeed shall never sin,
 Or from his God depart.
- 16 The wicked eyes the good,
 And watches to devour;
God will not leave his saint, pursued
 By persecuting power.
 Though men arrest, arraign,
 And judge him in their day,
The Lord shall soon his cause maintain,
 His innocence display.
- 17 Thou in the Saviour hope,
 And in his statutes live,

So shall he keep, and lift thee up,
The promise to receive.
When the ungodly fall,
Thou shalt their ruin see,
And glorify the Judge of all,
Who now appears for thee.

18 I have the wicked seen
In all his pomp and power,
Fair as the laurel-tree, and green,
And flourishing his hour.
I pass'd, and look'd again,—
The mighty man was not ;
I sought his place, and sought in vain,
His place was clean forgot !

19 Observe the saint of God,
Who walks in uprightness,
The man in perfect love renew'd,—
His end is glorious peace.
While wicked souls, at last,
Together all descend
Into a flaming Tophet cast ;
Damnation is their end !

20 But God rewards his own
With heavenly happiness,
And saves them till their course is run,
And keeps in their distress.
From all their foes the just
A present Saviour have,
And (for in him they put their trust)
He shall for ever save.

PSALM XXXVIII.

- 1 IN vengeance, Lord, rebuke me not ;
No longer let thy wrath wax hot,
The sinner to chastise :
Thine arrows in my soul stick fast,
My soul, as now to breathe her last,
Beneath thy judgments lies !
- 2 Crush'd by thy heavy hand, I groan ;
My health is at thy chiding gone,
My bones are fill'd with pain ;
Plagued both in soul and flesh, I grieve ;
Restless through sin, I only live
To suffer and complain.
- 3 My sins have swept me far from God :
My sins' insufferable load
I groan, I faint, to bear ;
My desperate soul his grace implores ;
As bruises, wounds, and putrid sores
My sins and follies are.
- 4 Mourning I go beneath thy frown,
Troubled, and all day long bow'd down
With guilt and misery ;
Fill'd with a loathsome, sore disease,
No health, alas ! no holiness,
No virtue is in me.
- 5 In all the feebleness of sin,
Broken, and bruised, and sore within,
For help I ever sigh ;

My restless spirit, in deep complaints,
Its total fall aloud laments,
And cries a bitter cry.

6 But all my wants to thee are known ;
Thou hearest, Lord, my every groan,
Thou seest my desperate case ;
My panting heart hath lost its might ;
My weeping eyes have lost their light,
Nor view thy blissful face.

7 My friends can yield me no relief,
But fly from my contagious grief ;
While, hunting for their prey,
My cruel foes are always nigh,
And sin, the world, and Satan try
My helpless soul to slay.

8 But, still regardless of the wrong,
Deaf to their threats, I held my tongue,
And bore my misery.
No hasty, sharp reply I made :
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Shalt answer soon for me.

9 O that I now might hear thy voice !
Speak, Lord, nor let my foes rejoice,
And glory in my fall ;
Defeat their dire malicious joy,
Their hopes and vain designs destroy,
Confound, confound them all.

10 For, O ! I always falling am !
My helplessness, and sin, and shame
I every moment see ;

I see, and all my sins confess,
 I grieve at my own wickedness,
 And mourn for help to thee.

- 11 Mighty and numberless my foes,
 Passions and lusts my hopes oppose,
 By fiends and men withstood :
 I suffer all their rage can do,
 Because my Saviour I pursue,
 And dare contend for God.
- 12 Ah ! leave me not, my God and Lord !
 Defer not to fulfil thy word,
 Nor from my soul remove !
 Make haste thy goodness to reveal,
 And let me thy salvation feel
 In all-forgiving love.

VERSE VII.

AND now, Lord, what is my hope ?—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

WHAT now is my object and aim ?
 What now is my hope and desire ?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire :
 My hope is all centred in thee ;
 I trust to recover thy love ;
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy it above.

VERSE VIII.

DELIVER me from all my offences.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

JESUS my Saviour, and my Prince,
 Answer on me thy saving Name ;

Deliver me from all my sins,
The guilt, the sorrow, and the shame ;
And from mine inmost soul remove
The power, the nature, and the love.

VERSE XIII.

O SPARE me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence,
and be no more seen.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

THOU, who hast suffer'd me so long,
A little longer spare,
Till, made by faith divinely strong,
I all thy impress bear :
Then let me from this vale of woe
Triumphantly depart,
My God as I am known to know,
And see thee as thou art.

PSALM XL.

PART I.

- 1 PATIENT I waited for the Lord,
Who heard and answer'd to my cry ;
Out of the pit of sin, abhorr'd,
He brought, and set me up on high :
Out of the mire and clay he took,
And fix'd my feet upon a rock.
- 2 The Lord hath made my goings strong,
And 'stablish'd me with gospel grace ;
Put in my mouth the joyful song,
The new, unceasing song of praise :
Many the deed Divine shall see,
And fear, and trust in God, like me.

- 3 Bless'd is the man that dares confide
In my redeeming God alone :
O Lord, thy works are multiplied,
The wondrous works which thou hast done !
Thy thoughts of grace to us surmount
The power of numbers to recount !
- 4 I cannot all thy love declare ;
No, nor the smallest part express ;
Worthless my noblest offerings are,
Unfit the holy God to please ;
But thou dost unto me impart
A hearing ear, and loving heart.
- 5 No shadowy form dost thou require,
No legal sacrifice approve ;
Thou seek'st the contrite heart's desire,
The offering of obedient love ;
And lo ! I come to do thy will,
And all thy law in love fulfil !
- 6 Thy welcome will concerning me,
I in the sacred volume read ;
'T is there my rule of life I see,
And in thy ways delight to tread ;
While, by thy love's divinest art,
Thy law is written on my heart.
- 7 Thine everlasting righteousness,
Thou know'st I to thy church have show'd ;
Nor hid within my heart the grace
And goodness of my pardoning God :
Nor shunn'd in open thanks to' approve
The truth of thy redeeming love.

- 8 The great salvation thou hast wrought
I have with joy to all declared :
Ah, gracious Lord ! forsake me not,
But let thy tender mercies guard ;
Thy faithful love my soul defend,
And save and keep me to the end !

PART II.

- 9 For, O, my soul is sore beset
By countless foes ; encompass'd round
By countless ills ; beneath their weight
I sink oppress'd, o'erwhelm'd, and bound ;
The load immense I faint to bear,
And fails my heart through sad despair !
- 10 Help me ! thou God of love and might !
Me to redeem make haste away :
Put all my cruel sins to flight,
Slay all who seek my soul to slay ;
Cover with shame my hater's face,
And all the alien armies chase.
- 11 Defeat the men, with Satan join'd
To' insure my shame and misery ;
Here only let the mockers find
The dire reproach they cast on me ;
Exploded, desolate, forlorn,
And wretched till to thee they turn.
- 12 But let the men that seek thy name
Rejoice in thee, their Lord and God ;
The wonders of thy love proclaim,
And publish all thy works abroad ;

Saved by thy dear redeeming grace,
And always happy in thy praise.

13 I, too, the poorest sinner I,
With them shall thy compassion prove :
On thee, my Saviour, I rely,
And wait thy succours from above :
Come, O my God, no more delay,
O come, and bring the perfect day ?

VERSE XXI.

THOU art my Helper and Redeemer : make no long tarrying, O my God !
—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

STILL will my Redeemer tarry,
Leave me still unfreed, unblest'd,
By my cruel adversary,
By my tyrant-sin, oppress'd ?
Jesus, mighty to deliver !
Haste to take my sin away,
Save a soul, undone for ever,
Longer if my Saviour stay.

PSALM XLI.

VERSE IV.

HEAL my soul ; for I have sinned against thee.

SIN is the desperate wound
Which must my death procure,
Unless the balm in Gilead found
Administers a cure :

Jesus, my Lord, my God !
Faith to be heal'd I have ;
O let the medicine of thy blood
My soul for ever save !

PSALM XLII.

PART I.

- 1 As the heart, with flying faint,
For the cooling stream doth pant,
So my soul, by sin pursued,
Pants for thee, the living God !
- 2 See my soul, in pity see,
Thirsting, gasping after thee ;
When shall I with faith draw near,
Righteous in thy sight appear ?
- 3 Tears have been my daily bread,
Tears have wash'd my sleepless bed,
While they ever cry aloud,
"Where is now thy pardoning God?"
- 4 Musing on the former days,
Stripp'd of that ecstatic grace,
Pouring out my soul, I moan,
All my joys and comforts gone !
- 5 Once I could in God rejoice,
Praise him with a tuneful voice,
Find him in his house of prayer,
First of those who worshipp'd there.

- 6 Why art thou, my soul, oppress'd ?
Why so troubled and distress'd ?
Cast away the heavy load,
Hope thou, against hope, in God.

PART II.

- 7 I shall yet record his praise ;
I shall thank him for his grace,
When he makes his face to shine
On this drooping soul of mine.
- 8 Yet again, O God, my God,
Sinks my soul beneath its load !
Burden'd, and by sin cast down,
Faints thy poor afflicted one.
- 9 Fain I would on thee rely,
To my God for refuge fly ;
Ever wandering to and fro,
Restless as a hunted roe.
- 10 Deep to deep with horror calls,
While the roaring torrent falls,
My abyss of misery
Calls for all the grace in thee.
- 11 But, alas ! thy threatenings sound,
All thy waves and storms surround ;
Over me the billows roll,
Swallow up my sinking soul.
- 12 Unto God, my Rock, I say,
“ Why dost thou so long delay,

Leave me on in grief to go,
Crush'd by the oppressive foe?"

13 Pierced my bones as with a sword,
With the dire opprobrious word,
While they ever cry aloud,
"Where is now thy pardoning God?"

14 Why art thou, my soul, oppress'd?
Why so troubled and distress'd?
Cast away the heavy load,
Hope thou, against hope, in God.

15 I shall yet record his praise,
See again the Saviour's face;
Ascertain'd by Love Divine,
Mine he is, for ever mine.

VERSE II.

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God.—*Prayer-Book
Translation.*

I THIRST for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side.
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The Spirit of rapture unknown:
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

VERSE II.

WHEN shall I come to appear before the presence of God?—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

CONFINED in a dungeon of clay,
Exiled from the Saviour I love,
I long to be summon'd away,
I groan for a speedy remove.
O when shall I come to appear
With joy in the Presence Divine,
To find him essentially near,
To know him eternally mine?

PSALM XLIII.

- 1 God of infinite compassion,
Take my cause into thy hands ;
Satan's whole unrighteous nation,
Earth and hell, my soul withstands :
From the evil world deliver,
From the cruel world within,
From myself,—the worst deceiver,—
From this inbred man of sin !
- 2 Thou my only God and Saviour,
Thou art my support and might !
Why hast thou withdrawn thy favour,
Cast the mourner from thy sight ?
Wherefore go I on lamenting,
Crush'd by my tyrannic foe,
Under his oppression fainting,
Swallow'd up of sin and woe ?

3 O my merciful Director !

Show the brightness of thy face ;
 Let thy love be my protector,
 Lead me by the light of grace :
 Send the unction of thy Spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect will,
 That I may thine heaven inherit,
 Meet thee on thy holy hill.

4 Earnest of my full possession,

Might I feel thee in my heart !
 Fill'd with joy beyond expression,
 I should never more depart :
 I should in thy courts adore thee,
 Till I join the church above,
 Sing, and praise, and fall before thee,—
 Thee, my God of truth and love !

5 Wherefore then, my restless spirit,

Art thou troubled and cast down ?
 Hope in God, through Jesu's merit ;
 God, through Jesus, is thine own :
 I shall yet regain his favour,
 I shall sing his praise aloud :
 Jesus is my loving Saviour,
 Jesus is my pardoning God.

PSALM XLIV.

VERSES I.—VIII.*

1 LET God, the mighty God,
The Lord of hosts, arise ;

* Adapted to the state of the nation during the expected invasion in 1779.

With terror clad, with strength endued,
And rend and bow the skies!
Call'd down by faithful prayer,
Saviour, appear below,
Thine hand lift up, thine arm make bare,
And quell thy church's foe!

2 Our refuge in distress,
In danger's darkest hour,
Appear as in the ancient days,
With full redeeming power,
That thy redeem'd may sing
In glad triumphant strains,
"The Lord is God, the Lord is King,
The Lord for ever reigns!"

3 We with our ears have heard,
Our fathers us have told,
The works that in their days appear'd,
And in the times of old;
The mighty wonders wrought
By Heaven in their defence,
When Jacob's God for Britain fought
And chased the' invaders hence.

4 Vainly "Invincible"
Their fleets the seas did hide,
And doom'd our sires to death and hell,
And Israel's God defied:
But with his wind he blew,
But with his waves he rose,
And dash'd, and scatter'd, and o'erthrew,
And swallow'd up, his foes.

- 5 Jesus, Jehovah, Lord !
Thy wonted aid we claim ;
Not trusting in our bow or sword,
But in thy saving Name :
Thy Name, the mighty tower,
From whence our foes we see
Ready our country to devour,
Without a nod from thee.
- 6 Thou wilt not give us up
A prey unto their teeth,
But blast their aim, confound their hope,
Their league with hell and death ;
With such deliverance bless
Whom thou hast chose for thine,
That we, and Europe, may confess,
The work is all Divine !

PSALM XLV.

PART I.

- 1 MY heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare !
Of him I make my loftiest songs,
I cannot from his praise forbear ;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The beauties of my Heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art ;
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart ;

God ever bless'd, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.

3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy power Divine,
Stir up thy strength, Almighty Lord!
All power and majesty are thine :
Assert thy worship and renown,
O all-redeeming God, come down !

4 Come, and maintain thy righteous cause,
And let thy gracious toil succeed ;
Dispread the victory of thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in thy deed ;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in all our hearts alone.

5 Still let the word of truth prevail,
The gospel of thy general grace,
Of mercy mild that ne'er shall fail,
Of everlasting righteousness,
Into the faithful soul brought in,
To root out all the seeds of sin.

6 Terrible things thine own right hand
Shall teach thy greatness to perform :
Who in the vengeful day can stand
Unshaken by thine anger's storm,
While, riding on the whirlwind's wings,
They meet the thundering King of kings ?

7 Sharp are the arrows of thy love,
And pierce the most obdurate heart :

Their point thine enemies shall prove,
And, strangely fill'd with pleasing smart,
Fall down before the cross subdued,
And feel thine arrows dipp'd in blood.

8 O God of love, thy sway we own,
Thy dying love doth all control ;
Justice and grace support thy throne,
Set up in every faithful soul ;
Steadfast it stands in them, and sure,
When pure, as thou our God art pure.

9 Lover thou art of purity,
And hatest every spot of sin,
Nothing profane can dwell with thee,
Nothing unholy or unclean :
And therefore doth thy Father own
His glorious likeness in his Son.

10 Therefore he hath his Spirit shed,
Spirit of joy, and power, and grace,
Immeasurably on thy head ;
First-born of all the chosen race,
From thee the sacred unction springs
That makes thy fellows priests and kings.

PART II.

11 Sweet is the odour of thy name,
Through all the means a fragrance comes ;
Thy garments hide the sinner's shame,
Thy garments shed Divine perfumes,
That through the ivory palace flow,—
The church, in which thou reign'st below.

- 12 Thy heavenly charms the virgins move,
And bow them to thy pleasing sway ;
They triumph in thy princely love,
Thy will with all their hearts obey ;
Revere thine honourable word,
The glorious handmaids of the Lord.
- 13 High above all, at thy right hand,
Adorn'd with each diviner grace,
Thy favourite queen exults to stand,
Thy church her heavenly charms displays,
Clothed with the sun, for glory meet,
She sees the moon beneath her feet.
- 14 Daughter of Heaven, though born on earth,
Incline thy willing heart and ear ;
Forget thy first ignoble birth,
Thy people, and thy kinsfolk here ;
So shall the King delight to see
His beauties copied out on thee.
- 15 He only is thy God and Lord ;
Worship Divine to him be given,
By all the host of heaven adored,
By every creature under heaven ;
And all the Gentile world shall know,
And freely to his service flow.
- 16 The rich shall lay their riches down,
And poor become, for Jesu's sake ;
Kings at his feet shall cast their crown,
And humble suit for mercy make,
(Mercy alike on all bestow'd,)
And languish to be great in God.

- 17 Are not his servants kings? and rule
They not o'er hell, and earth, and sin?
His daughter is divinely full
Of Christ, and "glorious all within;"
All glorious inwardly she reigns,
And not one spot of sin remains.
- 18 Clothed with humility and love,
With every dazzling virtue bright,
With faith which God vouchsafes to' approve,
Precious in her great Father's sight,
The royal maid with joy shall come,
Triumphant, to her heavenly home.
- 19 Brought by his sweet attracting grace,
She first shall in his sight appear
In holiness before his face,
Made perfect with her fellows here :
Spotless and pure, a virgin train,
They all shall in his palace reign.
- 20 In lieu of seers and patriarchs old,
Of whom she once did make her boast,
The virgin-mother shall behold
Her numerous sons a princely host,
Install'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Anointed kings and priests to God.
- 21 Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord
Of lords, I glory to proclaim ;
From age to age thy praise record,
That all the world may learn thy Name :
And all shall soon thy grace adore,
When time and sin shall be no more.

VERSE VII.

THOU lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity.

- 1 BUT I am all to sin inclined,
And hatred against God my mind,
Till thou thine own impart.
Pity a sad reverse of thee,
And, from myself to set me free,
Come, Lord, into my heart !
- 2 I then, regenerate from above,
Shall sin abhor like thee, and love
The perfect righteousness ;
Partake the image of my Head,
And in thy image live, to spread
Mine utmost Saviour's praise.

PSALM XLVI.

- 1 GOD, the omnipresent God,
Our strength and refuge stands,
Ready to support the load,
And bear us in his hands :
Readiest when we need him most,
When to him distress'd we cry ;
All who on his mercy trust
Shall find deliverance nigh.
- 2 Kept by him, we scorn to fear
In danger's blackest day,
Starting at destruction near,
Though nature faint away ;
Though the stormy ocean roar,
Though the madding billows rise,

Rage, and foam, and lash the shore,
And mingle earth and skies.

3 Let earth's inmost centre quake,
And shatter'd nature mourn ;
Let the' unwieldy mountains shake,
And fall by storms upturn ;
Fall, with all their trembling load,
Far into the ocean hurl'd ;
Lo ! we stand secure in God,
Amidst a ruin'd world !

4 From the throne of God there springs
A pure and crystal stream,
Life, and peace, and joy it brings
To his Jerusalem :
Rivers of refreshing grace
Through the sacred city flow,
Watering all the hallow'd place
Where God resides below.

5 God most merciful, most high,
Doth in his Sion dwell ;
Kept by him, her towers defy
The strength of earth and hell ;
Built on her o'ershadowing Rock,
Who shall her foundations move ?
Who her great Defender shock,
The' Almighty God of love ?

6 All that on this Rock are stay'd
The world assaults in vain ;
Ever present with his aid,
He shall his own sustain :

Guardian of the chosen race,
Our Jesus doth his church defend,
Saves them by his timely grace,
And saves them to the end.

7 Furiously the Heathen raged
Against his church below,
Kingdoms all their powers engaged
Jerusalem to' o'erthrow :
Earth, from her foundation stirr'd,
Yawn'd to swallow up her prey ;
Jesus spoke,—she own'd his word,
And quaked, and fled away.

8 For his people in distress
The God of Jacob stands ;
Keeps us, till our troubles cease,
In his Almighty hands :
He for us his power hath shown,
He doth still our refuge prove ;
Loves the Lord of hosts his own,
And shall for ever love.

9 Come, behold the' Almighty Lord
In robes of vengeance clad ;
By the desolating sword
What havoc hath he made !
He hath sent his armies forth,
States and kingdoms to o'erthrow,
March'd in anger through the earth,
And ravaged all below.

10 Lo ! again in tender love
He bids their discords cease,

Calms their spirit from above,
And melts them into peace ;
Breaks the bow and burns the car,
Instruments of fatal ill,
Quells the horrid din of war,
And bids the world be still :—

11 “Sons of men, be still, and know
That I am God alone ;
I my saving power will show,
And make my goodness known ;
All shall with my wish comply,
Fear the name to sinners given ;
Bow before the Lord Most High,
The Lord of earth and heaven.”

12 For his people in distress
The God of Jacob stands,
Bears us, till our troubles cease,
In his Almighty hands :
He for us his power hath shown,
He doth still our refuge prove ;
Loves the Lord of hosts his own,
And shall for ever love.

VERSE X.

BE still, then, and know that I am God.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

STILL I in thy presence am :
Jesus ! now declare thy Name ;
Tell me, what I wait to prove,
Thou art God, and “God is Love.”

PSALM XLVII.

- 1 CLAP your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call ;
Lift your voice, and shout his praise,
Triumph in his sovereign grace !
- 2 Glorious is the Lord Most High,
Terrible in majesty ;
He his sovereign sway maintains,
King o'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 He the people shall subdue,
Make us kings and conquerors too ;
Force the nations to submit,
Bruise our sins beneath our feet.
- 4 He shall bless his ransom'd ones,
Number us with Israel's sons ;
God our heritage shall prove,
Give us all a lot of love.
- 5 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky :
Shout the angel choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God.
- 6 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine ;
Emulate the heavenly powers,—
Their victorious Lord is ours.
- 7 Shout the God enthroned above,
Trumpet forth his conquering love ;

Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King !

8 Power is all to Jesus given,
Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven !
Power he now to us imparts ;
Praise him with believing hearts.

9 Heathens he compels to' obey,
Saints he rules with mildest sway ;
Pure and holy hearts alone
Chooses for his quiet throne.

10 Peace to them and power he brings,
Makes his subjects priests and kings,
Guards, while in his worship join'd,
Bids them cast the world behind.

11 On himself he takes their care,
Saves them not by sword or spear ;
Safely to his house they go,
Fearless of the' invading foe.

12 God keeps off the hostile bands,
God protects their happy lands ;
Stands as keeper of their fields,
Stands as twice ten thousand shields.

13 Wonderful in saving power,
Him let all our hearts adore ;
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,—
“Glory be to God Most High !”

PSALM XLVIII.

- 1 GREAT is our redeeming Lord
In power, and truth, and grace ;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His church on earth should praise :
In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his praise abroad,
And all his greatness show.
- 2 Built by his Almighty hands,
The towers of Salem rise ;
Fair and firm the city stands,
Adjoining to the skies ;
Joy to all the earth she brings,
Stored with blessings from above ;
Kept by the great King of kings,
Her guardian God of love !
- 3 Monarchs with their armies met,
Jerusalem to assail ;
Sworn to' o'erthrow the sacred seat
Where God vouchsafes to dwell :
Lo ! their boast is turn'd to shame !
Struck with sore amaze and dread,
Marching towards her walls they came,
They came,—they saw,—they fled !
- 4 Horror seized thy Sion's foes,
And pain'd their guilty heart ;
As a travailing woman's throes
They felt the killing smart :

Scatter'd by thy stormy ire,
Dash'd as ships against the shore,
Tyrants with their hopes expire,
And sink to rise no more.

5 We the works of ancient days
Have seen repeated now :
God doth still his Sion raise,
And force her foes to bow :
Still she in her Saviour trusts,
Glories in his constant care :
There he dwells, the Lord of hosts,
He reigns for ever there.

6 For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple stay ;
Here thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display :
With thy name thy praise is known ;
Glorious thy perfections shine ;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all Divine.

7 All thy mighty works are wrought
In perfect equity ;
Sion, by thy judgments taught,
Shall give the praise to thee :
Thee let all thy saints adore,
Ransom'd by thy timely aid ;
Every tongue confess thy power,
And every heart be glad.

8 Sons of God, triumphant rise,
The city walls surround !

Lo ! her bulwarks touch the skies,
How high, yet how profound !
Tell the number of her towers,
All her palaces declare,
Guarded by angelic powers,
And God in person there !

9 See the gospel-church secure,
And founded on a Rock !
All her promises are sure ;
Her bulwarks who can shock ?
Count her every precious shrine ;
Tell, to after ages tell,
Fortified by power Divine,
The church can never fail.

10 Sion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely :
We his pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die :
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be,
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

PSALM XLIX.

VERSES XI.—XV.*

1 How weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men !
Men who, fix'd to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,

* Written at the time of the earthquake in 1750.

Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

2 Let us in God confide ;
They for themselves provide,
Lasting settlements they make,
Prudently their views extend,
Thought for distant ages take,
Live as time would never end.

3 How soon may God rebuke
Their folly with a look !
Caused by the Almighty's frown,
When the sudden earthquake comes,
Then their hopes are tumbled down,
Then their houses are their tombs !

4 Their lands, alas ! and they,
Are swept at once away !
Gaping earth receives them all,
Swallows up the nation's boast ;
See the pride of ages fall,
In a fatal moment lost !

5 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee !
What can our foundation shock ?
Though the shatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a Rock,
On a Rock of heavenly love.

6 A house we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown ;

In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies ;
Built immovably secure,
Built eternal in the skies.

7 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand ;
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansions there :
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

8 Those amaranthine bowers
(Unalienably ours)
Bloom, our infinite reward,
Rise, our permanent abode,
From the founded world prepared,
Purchased by the blood of God !

9 O might we quickly find
The place for us design'd ;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here !
Let the shadows flee away,
Let the new-made world appear.

10 High on thy great white throne,
O King of saints, come down !
In the New Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend ;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun which ne'er shall end !

PSALM LI.

PART I.

- 1 God of unfathomable love !
Whose bowels of compassion move
Towards Adam's helpless race ;
See, at thy feet, a sinner see !
In tender mercy look on me,
And all my sins efface.
- 2 O let thy love to me o'erflow,
Thy multitude of mercies show,
Abundantly forgive !
Remove the' insufferable load ;
Blot out my sins with Sacred Blood,
And bid the sinner live.
- 3 Take all the power of sin away,
Nor let in me its being stay ;
Mine inmost soul convert :
Wash me from all the filth of sin,
Come, Lord, and make me thoroughly clean,
Create me pure in heart.
- 4 For, O, my sins I now confess,
Bewail my desperate wickedness,
And sue to be forgiven :
I have abused thy patient grace,
I have provoked thee to thy face,
And dared the wrath of Heaven.
- 5 Thee, only thee, have I defied :
Though all thy wrath on me abide,
And my damnation seal,

Though into outer darkness thrust,
I'll own the punishment is just,
And clear my God in hell !

6 Cast in the mould of sin I am,
Corrupt throughout my ruin'd frame,
My essence all unclean ;
My total fall from God I mourn ;
In sin I was conceived and born,
Whate'er I am is sin !

7 But thou requirest all our hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward parts,
Unspotted purity :
And, by thy grace, I humbly trust
To learn the wisdom of the just,
In secret taught by thee.

PART II.

8 Surely thou wilt thy grace impart,
Sprinkle the blood upon my heart
Which did for sinners flow ;
The blood that purges every sin,
The blood that soon shall wash me clean,
And make me white as snow !

9 Thou wilt the mournful spirit cheer,
And grant me once again to hear
Thy sweet forgiving voice ;
That all my bones and inmost soul,
Broken by thee, by thee made whole,
May in thy strength rejoice.

- 10 From my misdeeds avert thy face,
The strength of sin,—by pardoning grace,—
Of all my sin, remove ;
Forgive, O Lord ! but change me too,
And perfectly my soul renew
By sanctifying love.
- 11 My wretchedness to thee convert ;
Give me a humble, contrite heart,
My fallen soul restore :
Let me the life Divine attain,
The image of my God regain,
And never lose it more.
- 12 Have patience till, by thee renew'd,
I live the sinless life of God ;
Here let thy Spirit stay ;
Though I have grieved the gentle Dove,
Ah ! do not quite withdraw thy love,
Or take thy grace away !
- 13 The comfort of thy help restore,
Assist me now as heretofore ;
O lift thou up my head !
The Spirit of thy power impart,
'Stablish and keep my faithful heart,
And make me free indeed.
- 14 Then shall I teach the world thy ways,
Thy mercy mild, and pardoning grace,
For every sinner free ;
Till sinners to thy grace submit,
And fall at their Redeemer's feet,
And weep and love like me.

PART III.

- 15 O might I weep, and love thee now,
God of my health, my Saviour thou !
Thou only canst release
My soul from all iniquity :
O speak the word, and set me free,
And bid me go in peace !
- 16 So shall I sing the Saviour's name,
Thy gift of righteousness proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming grace :
Open my lips, Almighty Lord,
That I thy mercy may record,
And glory in thy praise !
- 17 No creature-good dost thou desire,
No costly sacrifice require ;
Thy pleasure is to give :
Thou only seekest me, not mine ;
Thou would'st that I should take of thine,
Should all thy grace receive.
- 18 A wounded spirit, by sin distrest,
A broken heart that pants for rest,—
This is the sacrifice
Well pleasing in the sight of God ;
A sinner crush'd beneath his load
Thou never wilt despise.
- 19 Then hear the contrite sinner's prayer,
And every ruin'd soul repair ;
Remember Sion's woe ;

Show forth thy justifying grace,
And for thyself vouchsafe to raise
A glorious church below.

20 When thou hast seal'd thy people's peace,
Their sacrifice of righteousness,
Their gifts, thou wilt approve ;
Their every thought, and word, and deed,
That from a living faith proceed,
And all are wrought in love.

21 Laid on the altar of thy Son,
Pleasing to thee through Christ alone,
The dear peculiar race
Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,
And hymn their Father and their King
In endless songs of praise.

VERSE XI.

CAST me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit
from me.

WILT thou from me withdraw thy grace ?
Or drive a sinner from thy face
At Jesu's feet who bow ?
At Jesu's feet thou seest me lie,
Thou hear'st his blood for mercy cry,
And canst not punish now.

VERSE XVII.

A BROKEN and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

JESUS, Giver of contrition,
Giver thou of pardon art !

Wound me, O my kind Physician !
Break, and then bind up my heart.
Who a broken-hearted sinner
Never, never wilt despise,
Cast me down, my faith's Beginner !
Lift me up to Paradise.

PSALM LIV.

- 1 SAVE me, Lord, by thy great name,
Avenge me by thy might ;
Hated for thy sake I am,
O vindicate my right !
Let my prayers thy help engage,
Give ear to my continued cry ;
Save me from the' oppressor's rage,
O save me, or I die !
- 2 Strangers to my God have rose,
And seek my soul to slay ;
God himself they dare oppose,
And cast his yoke away :
But with me my Helper stays,
The Lord doth still my soul defend ;
He upholds me by his grace,
And loves me to the end.
- 3 Evil he shall soon reward
To all mine enemies :
Cut them off, O righteous Lord,
Let sin for ever cease :
Satan and his works destroy,
But O ! his hapless servants spare,

That I may with thankful joy
Thy faithful love declare !

- 4 I shall then mine all to thee
A free-will offering give ;
Praise the Lord, so good to me
Who in his name believe ;
He hath from all trouble freed,
Mine eyes have seen his perfect power ;
All my inbred foes are dead,
And sin subsists no more.

PSALM LV.

VERSE VI.

O THAT I had wings like a dove ! for then would I flee away, and be at rest.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 COME, heavenly Dove,
My soul remove
From life's severe distresses,
To that glorious rest above,
To my Lord's embraces !

- 2 Saviour, to thee
I fain would flee,
I would be always praising,
Spend a whole eternity
In worshipping and gazing !

VERSES VI., VII., VIII.

- 1 O THAT I had the silver wings
Of the mild, holy Dove,

To bear me from all earthly things,
And every creature-love.

2 Then would I swiftly fly away
To Christ, and be at rest ;
On him my fluttering spirit stay,
And hide me in his breast.

3 Jesu, my hiding-place ! to thee
I know not how to fly ;
Long have I struggled to be free,
Nor found deliverance nigh.

4 Full oft in fruitless, fond desire
I to the desert ran ;
But could not from myself retire,
Or 'scape the inner man.

5 I took the morning's wings, and fled
For rest to worlds unknown ;
Sin found me in the secret shade,
And claim'd me for its own.

6 O, who shall bid this self depart,
This world of sin exclude ?
Empty, and make my peaceful heart
A holy solitude.

7 'Tis not the desert or the cell
Can hide me from my pain ;
I carry with me my own hell
While pride and wrath remain.

8 A vile, unworthy worm, my eyes
I dare not lift to heaven ;

Let him who sees me from the skies
Speak all my sins forgiven.

VERSE XVII.

IN the evening, and morning, and at noon-day will I pray.—*Prayer-
Book Translation.*

- 1 Not as a formal task to thee
My tale of words I pay ;
But, feeling my own poverty,
I every hour would pray ;
- 2 Would always pray, and never faint,
Till, wholly sanctified,
Thou take me up, a sinless saint,
And seat me by thy side.

PSALM LVI.

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, for man hath none !
From day to day he still goes on
To swallow up his prey :
My foes continual battles wage,
And strive, with unrelenting rage,
My helpless soul to slay.
- 2 Dreadful in number and in power,
I see them ready to devour ;
But when to thee I cry,
Returns my faith, retires my fear,
I feel, I feel the Saviour near,
The Lord, the Lord Most High !

- 3 Through thee I will thy word proclaim,
And bless the mighty Jesu's Name,
In whom I still confide :
Jesus is good, and strong, and true ;
I will not fear what man can do,
When God is on my side.
- 4 They daily wrest the words I speak,
In all their thoughts my ruin seek,
And close in ambush lie ;
They mark my steps, where'er I turn ;
As not to rest their rage had sworn
Till by their hands I die.
- 5 But thou, O Lord, shalt vengeance take,
And cast into the burning lake
The vessels of thine ire ;
Who thee and all thy people hate,
Shall feel thy righteous anger's weight
In everlasting fire.
- 6 I now beneath their fury groan,
But thou hast all my sufferings known,
The hasty flights I took ;
Thou treasurest up my counted tears ;
And all my sighs, and griefs, and fears
Are noted in thy book.
- 7 Whenever on the Lord I cry,
My foes, I know, shall fear and fly,
For God is on my side ;
Through thee I will thy word proclaim,
And bless the mighty Jesu's Name,
And still in him confide.

- 8 In God I trust, the good, the true ;
I will not fear what flesh can do,
For Jesus takes my part :
I bless thee, Saviour, for thy grace,
Offer my sacrifice of praise,
And pay thee all my heart :
- 9 For thou hast saved my soul from death,
From sin, the world, and hell beneath ;
Thou hast my sins forgiven ;
That I the glorious light may see,
Walk before God, and perfect be,
And live the life of heaven.

PSALM LVII.

- 1 BE merciful, O God, to me !
To me who in thy love confide ;
To thy protecting love I flee,
Beneath thy wings my soul I hide,
Till Satan's tyranny is o'er,
And cruel sin subsists no more.
- 2 To God will I in trouble cry,
Who freely undertakes my cause,
My God most merciful, most high,
Shall save me from the lion's jaws ;
Destroy him, ready to devour,
With all his works and all his power.
- 3 The Lord out of his holy place
His mercy and his truth shall send :
Jesus is full of truth and grace,
Jesus shall still my soul defend ;

While in the toils of hell I lie,
And from the den of lions cry.

- 4 Among the sons of men I dwell,
Fierce as the wildest beasts of prey ;
Inflamed with rage, like fiends in hell,
My soul they seek to tear and slay :
As spears their teeth, as darts their words,
Their double tongues are two-edged swords.
- 5 Be thou exalted, Lord, above
The highest names in earth and heaven ;
Let angels sing thy glorious love,
And bless the Name to sinners given ;
All earth and heaven their King proclaim ;
Bow every knee to Jesu's Name !
- 6 To thee let all my foes submit,
Who hunt and bow my spirit down ;
Themselves shall fall into their pit ;
Who seek my death insure their own ;
Satan and sin their doom shall have,
And sink into the' infernal grave.
- 7 My heart is fix'd, O God, my heart
Is fix'd, to triumph in thy grace :
(Awake my lute, and bear thy part,)
My glory is to sing thy praise,
Till of thy nature I partake,
And bright in all thine image wake.
- 8 Thee will I praise among thine own ;
Thee will I to the world extol,

And make thy truth and goodness known ;
Thy goodness, Lord, is over all ;
Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend,
Thy faithful mercies never end.

- 9 Be thou exalted, Lord, above
The highest names in earth or heaven ;
Let angels sing thy glorious love,
And bless the Name to sinners given :
All earth and heaven their King proclaim ;
Bow every knee to Jesu's Name !

VERSE I.

UNDER the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge, until this tyranny be overpast.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

THE flesh against the Spirit lusts ;
But, while it strives to tyrannize,
My soul in Love Almighty trusts,
My faithful soul on Christ relies,
Till this intestine war is o'er,
And sin, destroy'd, can tempt no more.

PSALM LX.

- 1 THOU hast chastised thine own, O God !
Cast off and scatter'd us abroad :
O turn thee to thy church again,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain !
- 2 Thou hast our guilty nation shook
In wrath ; its strongest pillars broke ;
Our land doth by thy judgments reel :
Return, and all our breaches heal.

- 3 To us thou grievous things hast shown,
And made us drink the potion down,
The bitter draught of deadly wine,
The dreadful cup of wrath Divine !
- 4 Yet hath thy tender mercy spread
A banner o'er thy people's head,
That all who humbly thee revere
May triumph in redemption near ;
- 5 The glorious gospel-truth receive,
And, ransom'd by thy mercy, live.
Lord, to thy standard-cross I flee ;
Stretch out thine arm, and ransom me.
- 6 God in his holiness hath sworn,
That all who to their Saviour turn
His all-victorious grace shall prove,
And more than conquer in his love.
- 7 Wherefore, I will with joy obey
His call, and fly upon the prey ;
The pardon take, the spoil divide,
And trample down all self and pride ;
- 8 In praises with his people join ;
For all his chosen tribes are mine. . .
The world shall to my faith submit,
And Satan fall beneath my feet.
- 9 But who shall his strong-holds o'erthrow,
And lay the lofty fortress low ?
Will not our God again assert
Our cause, and take his people's part ?

- 10 With pity, Lord, thine outcasts see,
And lead us forth to victory.
Help us in our distress ; for vain
Is all the help of feeble man.
- 11 Surely, our God his arm shall show,
And we, through him, shall all things do :
In Jesu's strength our foes tread down,
And win the fight, and wear the crown.

PSALM LXI.

- 1 LORD, attend my earnest prayer
While in the vale below ;
Hear me crying from afar,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and woe :
Let my heart no longer droop
Beneath this weight of misery ;
Rock of Israel, take me up,
And set my soul on thee.
- 2 Thou hast oft my shelter been,
My strong defensive tower ;
Saved me from the world and sin,
And all the' accuser's power.
Still I in thy house abide,
And never, never hence remove ;
Still determined to confide
In thy redeeming love.
- 3 Thou, O God, my vows hast heard,
And given me my request,
Earnest of the joys prepared
For all that know thy rest :

Thou, O Lord, the portion art
Of those that humbly fear thy name ;
Thou hast visited my heart,
And thine, in Christ, I am.

4 One of Jesu's kings I reign,
Wash'd in his cleansing blood ;
Righteous before God remain,
And live the life of God :
Ready is thy truth and grace
Still to preserve and perfect me ;
Thou wilt lengthen out my days
To all eternity.

5 Joyful in this blessed hope,
O glorify thy Name !
Till thy mercy take me up,
Till thy mercy I proclaim ;
Throughout every happy day
On this delightful task attend ;
All I owe in love repay,
And love thee to the end.

PSALM LXII.

1 In true and patient hope
My soul on God attends,
And calmly confident looks up
Till he salvation sends :
My Rock and Saviour, he
Shall answer to my call ;
And while to him for help I flee,
I shall not greatly fall.

- 2 How long, ye violent men,
 Mischief will ye devise ?
Ye all shall suddenly be slain,
 And perish with your lies :
 Who shake your bloody hand
 'Gainst injured innocence,
Lo ! as a bowing wall ye stand,
 And as a tottering fence.
- 3 Wretches !—'t is all their joy
 And study to disgrace,
With lies and slander to destroy,
 Whom God delights to raise :
 His ruin to insure,
 They practise all their art ;
Blessings are in their mouth impure,
 And curses in their heart !
- 4 But still, in patient hope,
 My soul, on God attend,
And calmly confident look up,
 Till he salvation send :
 I shall his goodness see,
 While on his name I call ;
He now defends and strengthens me,
 And I shall never fall.
- 5 Jesus is my defence,
 Almighty to redeem ;
My rock is his omnipotence,
 My glory is in him :
 Into his name I fly,
 My refuge and my tower,

And on his faithful love rely,
And find his saving power.

6 Trust in the Lord alone,
Who helps us from above ;
Ye people all, surround his throne,
And hang upon his love.
Pour out your hearts in prayer,
And still on him depend ;
And he that doth your burden bear,
Shall keep you to the end.

7 But never can ye place
Your confidence in men,—
A faithless and delusive race,
And altogether vain !
Deceitful are they all
Of high and low degree ;
Both the great vulgar and the small
Are lies and vanity.

8 Ye powerful to oppress,
Boast not your lawless might,
Your wanton violence, to disseize
The needy of his right.
If God increase your store,
Do not in riches trust ;
Nor let your grovelling souls adore
Or lick the golden dust.

9 The Lord hath oft declared,
And I his voice have known,
'Tis his to punish or reward,
All power is his alone :

In perfect righteousness
Thou dost condemn, approve ;
Thou art the God of boundless grace,
And everlasting love.

VERSE X.

If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

- 1 Who of the rich hath ears to hear,
Divinely warn'd of danger near,
Or fears to find his wealth increase,
The mammon of unrighteousness ?
- 2 Yet if on wealth ye set your heart,
Ye from the living God depart,
Your souls *for nought* to Satan sell,
Unwisely barter heaven for hell.

PSALM LXIII.

- 1 O God, thou art in Jesus mine !
For thee I sigh, for thee I pine,
And pant thy power to prove ;
My longing soul implores thy grace,
In a dry, barren wilderness,
Unwater'd by thy love.
- 2 Thee, thee my restless heart requires,
And all I am, with strong desires
Thy glorious power to see :
To see thee, as I once beheld,
My pardoning God in Christ reveal'd,
My Lord, who died for me !

- 3 Thy love doth all delights exceed !
Thy precious love is life indeed ;
My lips shall sing thy praise ;
My hands I lift in Jesu's name ;
My life and strength, and all I am,
Shall glorify thy grace.
- 4 Thee, Lord, my latest breath shall bless ;
My joyful lips shall never cease
To glory in thy love :
My soul shall feast on heavenly meat,
With sacred joy thy praise repeat,
Nor envy those above.
- 5 On thee I muse with pure delight ;
Through all the happy hours of night
I lean as on thy breast :
Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
Jesus, my Peace, my Joy, I sing,
My everlasting Rest !
- 6 My soul pursues and hangs on thee ;
Thy hand upholds and strengthens me ;
And me thou still wilt save
From all who seek my soul to slay :
My foes shall fall by beasts of prey,
Or sink into the grave.
- 7 Who deal in lies and perjury,
For ever stopp'd their mouth shall be :
But who their God revere,
With Jesu's kings shall lift their voice,
With Jesu's confessors rejoice,
And reign triumphant there.

VERSE I.

O God, thou art my God ; early will I seek thee.
 O God, thou art in Jesus mine,
 And early will I seek thy face,
 Till, certified by Love Divine
 That I am freely saved by grace,
 I find him bleeding on the tree,
 Who freely bled to death for me.

VERSE III.

THY loving-kindness is better than life.
 THY favour and love I prefer
 To life in its happiest hours,
 Possess'd of a Paradise here,
 When mercy my spirit o'erpowers :
 All earthly delights I forego,
 All creature-enjoyments resign,
 When bless'd with the heaven—to know
 My Jesus eternally mine.

VERSE VI.

HAVE I not remembered thee in my bed ?—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 THEE in the watches of the night
 Do I not, Lord, remember still ?
 And meditate, with calm delight,
 On the dear counsels of thy will ?
- 2 Thy will is my perfection here ;
 And sighs for *this* my whole desire,—
 To' attain thy heavenly character,
 And spotless in thine arms expire.

VERSE VI.

HAVE I not thought upon thee when I was waking?—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

MY God, I wake to call thee mine,
To think on all thy love,
To taste thy graciousness divine,
And farther blessings prove ;
After thy likeness to wake up,
And fly from earth away,
And see the Lamb on Sion's top
In that eternal day.

VERSE VII.

BECAUSE thou hast been my Helper, therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 WHO loves me so well, My helper has been,
And saved me from hell, And saved me from sin :
His gracious protection I joyfully prove,
His strength of affection, His fulness of love.
- 2 Thee, Jesus, I praise, Who kindly hast spread
The wings of thy grace To cover my head :
Preserved by thy favour, I gladly remove,
My uttermost Saviour, To thank thee above.

VERSE VIII.

MY soul hangeth upon thee : thy right hand hath upholden me.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 HANGS my new-born soul on thee,
Weak as helpless infancy ;
Yet, sustain'd by thy right hand,
Firm on surest ground I stand.

- 2 Faith may fail, I feel and know,
But thou wilt not let me go,
Wilt not with thy purchase part
Wilt not loose me from thy heart.

PSALM LXIV.

VERSE II.

HIDE me !

- 1 THE quiet, solitary place
For which I all my life have pined,
The still, sequester'd wilderness,
O might I in thy presence find !
- 2 Then shall I rest whom God doth hide ;
Unconscious then, that in the whole
Creation aught exists beside
My Saviour, and my happy soul !

PSALM LXVII.

- 1 GOD on us his grace bestow,
His freely-pardoning grace ;
Bless us from our sins, and show
The brightness of his face !
Let thy way on earth be shown ;
Thee let every sinner find,
Make the great salvation known
To us, and all mankind.
- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord,
The God of truth and grace ;
Thee, the everlasting Word,
Let all the people praise !

O give thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Every creature under heaven ;
Let them triumph in their King,
And shout their sins forgiven.

3 Thou shalt judge the nations right,
Thy equal sway maintain ;
Rule them by thy mercy's might,
And bless them by thy reign.
Let the people praise thee, Lord,
Thee, the God of truth and grace !
Thee, the everlasting Word,
Let all the nations praise !

4 Then to perfect holiness
The earth her fruit shall have ;
God, our God, his saints shall bless,
And to the utmost save.
God shall perfect us in one ;
Then the world their Lord shall see,
Thee the nations all shall own,
And give their hearts to thee.

PSALM LXVIII.

PART I.

1 LET God, the glorious God, arise,
And scatter evil with his eyes,
And make his foes before him flee :
His angry look the rebels chase,
Who scornfully reject his grace,
And hate the' incarnate Deity.

-
- 2 Arise, the Lord of earth and heaven !
As smoke before the wind is driven,
So let them at his presence fly ;
Dissolved as wax before the fire,
Sinners shall feel his flaming ire,
And perish, and for ever die.
- 3 But let the saints, with grateful joy,
Their happy days for him employ,
And triumph in his saving grace ;
Vie with the elder sons of light,
And walk exulting in his sight,
And hymn his everlasting praise.
- 4 Sing unto God, his praise proclaim,
Extol the great Jehovah's name,
Who rides upon the stormy sky :
His Name his Essence doth display :
Rejoice before the' eternal JAH,
The Lord most merciful, most high !
- 5 A father of the fatherless ;
The widow, in her sad distress,
Is sure to find a friend in him ;
He every helpless soul befriends ;
To all his servants condescends,
In goodness as in power supreme.
- 6 Poor desolate souls he makes his own ;
'T is God collects them into one ;
'T is God that sets the prisoners free ;
But lets his rebels feel their chain,
Till, forced, they own, in want and pain,
That sin is perfect misery.

- 7 When thou, O Lord, didst greatly lead
Thy people from the furnace freed,
From haughty Pharaoh's iron yoke,
All nature did its Lord confess,
Slow-marching through the wilderness,
And earth and heaven thy Presence shook.
- 8 Trembled the earth before thy frown,
The heavens in flakes of fire dropp'd down,
The sea dried up, the mountains flow'd !
Sinai was moved with sacred awe,
And quaked to hear the fiery law,
And groan'd to feel the' incumbent God.
- 9 Thou didst, O God, thy blessing pour,
A plenteous earth-reviving shower,
Thy weary Israel's camp to cheer ;
Type of the grace through Christ bestow'd,
Dropp'd from the tutelary cloud
The promise of a gospel year.
- 10 Still thou art Israel's sure defence ;
The lot of thine inheritance
Thou dost with hosts of angels guard ;
Thou hast prepared the gospel-feast,
Hast, for the needy and distrest,
The manna of thy love prepared.

PART II.

- 11 The Lord, the all-redeeming Lord,
Sent forth his everlasting Word,
His Word to save a world of foes ;
His heralds spread the joyful sound,
And, lo ! through all the nations round
A cloud of witnesses arose.

-
- 12 Divinely struck with sudden dread,
Kings with their alien armies fled,
And to weak women left the spoil ;
The feeblest souls that Jesus know
Shall still the world and sin o'erthrow,
And all the powers of darkness foil.
- 13 Though ye among the pots have been,
The sordid slaves of hell and sin,
Yet soon the silver-pinion'd Dove
The purifying grace shall shed,
The wings of his protection spread,
And wrap you in his hallowing love.
- 14 When God made bare his arm in fight,
And scatter'd kings in Israel's right,
His love's omnipotence to show ;
His people did his Name express,
Just in the Lord their Righteousness,
And whiter than the mountain snow.
- 15 His people are all just and clean ;
Beyond the reach of earth and sin
Their hidden life is lodged above ;
Freed from their hellish Pharaoh's chain,
His people in his church remain,
The mountain of his pardoning love.
- 16 Why, ye ambitious mountains, why
With Sion would ye vainly vie ?
What mountain can with ours compare ?
The Lord doth in his church delight,
Majestic walks on Sion's height,
And deigns to dwell for ever there.

- 17 Around his church the angels stand,
The countless troops of his command,
And God doth with his chariots go ;
(As when of old the heavens he bow'd ;)
Enshrines his glory in a cloud,
And rests on all his saints below.
- 18 Thou, Jesus, art gone up on high,
Hast captive led captivity
The powers that held our souls in chains :
Thy blood hath sign'd our souls' release ;
Pardon, and liberty, and peace,
Thy precious blood for all obtains.
- 19 Thou hast received the promised grace
For all of Adam's helpless race,—
The glorious gift unspeakable ;
That all thine image might retrieve,
That man again in God might live,
That God again in man might dwell.
- 20 Bless'd be the God of pardoning love,
Who showers his blessings from above,
And fills us with his richest store ;
The God of our salvation,—he
Redeems from all iniquity,
And bids us live, and sin no more.

PART III.

- 21 Our God alone hath power to save ;
Salvation in his Name we have,
Salvation from sin, death, and hell :

But them that dare in sin proceed,—
He pours his judgments on their head,
And lets them all his anger feel.

22 “Yet will I bring,” the Lord hath said,
“Mine own again, from Egypt freed,
And drown their foes in the Red Sea ;
I will mine ancient works repeat,
And bruise beneath my people’s feet
And slay their threefold enemy.”

23 Thee, Saviour, let thy church adore ;
Thy church hath served thee heretofore
With typic pomp and solemn joy ;
Thou art the strength of Israel’s race ;
’Stablish in us thy work of grace,
And all our powers for thee employ.

24 Thou shalt, for thy own glory’s sake,
The kings of earth thy subjects make ;
While humbly each his present brings ;
Casts at thy feet his menial crown,
And lays his borrow’d greatness down,
And gladly serves the King of kings.

25 Now, Lord, the grace almighty show,
The warriors and their hosts subdue ;
Let human power to thine submit ;
Let every soul its tribute pay,
With joy the Prince of Peace obey,
And fall adoring at his feet !

26 His mercy shall to all appear ;
Barbaric kings shall soon draw near,

And spread their hands and hearts abroad ;
Even Cham's devoted progeny
That glorious gospel-day shall see,
And grasp with joy the pardoning God.

27 Ye kingdoms of the earth, arise !
Sing unto God who bows the skies,
Salute the' almighty King of kings ;
He from the heaven of heavens comes down,
Forsakes his everlasting throne,
And grace and peace to sinners brings.

28 Hear him, ye nations, and rejoice ;
His voice he sends, his mighty voice,
And bids you come to him and live ;
Sinners, receive the gospel word ;
Your loving, all-redeeming Lord
With joy let all mankind receive.

29 Jesus let all mankind adore ;
Give him the glory of his power,
His power display'd in pardoning love ;
His excellence of saving grace
Is only known to Israel's race ;
A mystery to the hosts above.

30 Thee, by the highest heavens adored,
Tremendous, everlasting Lord,
The God of Israel we proclaim ;
The glory of thy grace receive :
All blessing, might, and thanks we give,
All praise and love, to Jesu's name.

PSALM LXIX.

PART I.

- 1 SAVE me, O God ! my griefs abound,
Temptation's waves enclose me round,
And seas of trouble roll ;
Sunk in the deepest mire of sin,
Floods of iniquity pour in
And deluge all my soul.
- 2 Spent with my own complaints and cries,
With pain I lift my weary eyes,
Which fail with looking up ;
Cleaves to the roof my speechless tongue,
Or hardly asks my God, " How long
Dost thou defer my hope ? "
- 3 My foes are strong and numberless,
Who wrongfully my soul oppress ;
Thou, Lord, their malice see ;
Thee have I wrong'd, and thee alone,
My follies, which with shame I own,
My sins, are known to thee.
- 4 But let not them that seek thy face
Be sharers in my foul disgrace,—
For Israel's sake I pray !
Thou Lord of hosts, thou God of love,
My fears and dire reproach remove,
Nor let me fall away !
- 5 For Israel's sake the sinner spare ;
(I ask in agony of prayer !)

O never let it be
That those who wait to know thy Name
Should stumble at my guilty shame,
Or stand abash'd for me.

6 My Lord, thou didst begin to turn ;
I surely thy reproach have borne,
Thy people's portion chose ;
Stranger to my own flesh I was ;
Despised and hated for thy cause,
By my own household-foes.

PART II.

7 Thy love did once my heart inspire,
I rose, inflamed with sacred fire,
To build the house of God ;
I triumph'd in my Master's shame,
And, jealous for thy glorious Name,
Thy faithful witness stood.

8 Humbled in all thy paths I stay'd,
Fasted, and mourn'd, and wept, and pray'd,
And long'd my Lord to find ;
The theme of each opprobrious tongue,
The ruler's scorn, the drunkard's song,
The outcast of mankind !

9 But, O ! my suit to thee is known,
Thou wilt thine humble suppliant own,
And graciously receive ;
Save, in the riches of thy grace,
Accept me through thy righteousness,
And freely now forgive.

- 10 The truth of thy salvation show ;
Nor let the flood my soul o'erflow,
Nor let the pit devour :
O snatch me from the hell within,
From all the mire of inbred sin,
From all the tempter's power !
- 11 Lord, for thy mercy's sake draw near,
In all thy tender love appear,
Make haste to my relief ;
No longer hide from me thy face,
But hear, and save me by thy grace
From all my sin and grief.
- 12 Now to my helpless soul draw nigh,
Redeem me at the point to die,
From sin and hell redeem ;
My guilt and shame to thee are known,
But, O ! my foes are all thy own !
Discharge thy wrath on them.

PART III.

- 13 Long have I groan'd my sin to feel,
And, sinking into my own hell,
For succour look'd in vain ;
No pitying comforter was near,
No tender friend my grief to cheer,
Or mitigate my pain.
- 14 Conform'd to an expiring God,
I bear my portion of his load,
And taste his bitter cup :

Saviour, at last display thy face,
Enrich the needy by thy grace,
And lift the mourner up.

15 So shall I magnify thy Name,
My Saviour-God in songs proclaim,
Which thou wilt deign to' approve ;
Better than bulls and goats to thee
The thankful heart's sincerity,
The sacrifice of love.

16 The humble shall behold his grace ;
Your heart shall live who seek his face
Rejoice in steadfast hope ;
He never hath the poor abhorr'd ;
The mournful prisoners of the Lord
He hears, and lifts them up.

17 Let heaven and earth his goodness sing,
The sea, and every moving thing
That breathes below, above ;
For God his Sion shall repair,
And save, and fix his people there,
Possessors of his love.

18 Their faithful seed shall still increase,
Heirs of his precious promises ;
Who lovingly adore,
And bow their hearts to Jesu's Name,
Their station in his house shall claim,
And never leave it more.

VERSE V.

God, thou knowest my simpleness, and my faults are not hid from thee.—
Prayer-Book Translation.

THY wisdom all my follies sees,
My faults are all before thine eyes,
Mine heart and inward wickedness :
Such as I am, without disguise,
A sinner, to thy bosom take,
Not for my own, but Jesu's, sake.

PSALM LXX.

- 1 Jesu, mighty to deliver,
Help afford, Hasten, Lord,
Or I die for ever.
- 2 Those that have my soul surrounded,
Let them flee, Chased by thee,
Baffled, and confounded.
- 3 But let all who seek thy favour
Hear thy voice, And rejoice
In their present Saviour.
- 4 Those whose earnest expectation
Waits for thee, Let them see
All thy great salvation.
- 5 Let their lips show forth thy glory,
Full of praise, For thy grace
Let their hearts adore thee.

- 6 O might I with these confess thee !
 Needy, I Fain would try
 With thy saints to bless thee !
- 7 Hasten, Lord, my soul deliver ;
 Thou art mine, Seal me thine,
 Seal me thine for ever.

PSALM LXXI.

PART I.

- 1 IN thee, O Lord, I put my trust ;
 Ah ! never leave me to my shame !
 Thou, ever merciful and just,
 Redeem me by thy saving Name ;
 Thy gracious ear in pity bow,
 Accept my prayer, and save me now.
- 2 Be thou my strong defence and tower,
 To which my soul may always fly ;
 Thou hast sent forth thy word of power,
 Thy grace hath brought salvation nigh ;
 Thou art the Rock which cannot move,
 The Rock of everlasting love.
- 3 Rescue me, O my God, from those
 Who cruelly my life pursue ;
 Lord, I believe against my foes,
 I trust to find thee good and true ;
 Guide of my helpless infancy,
 Thou know'st my hope is still in thee.
- 4 The life thy tender love bestow'd
 Thy tender love hath still sustain'd ;

Thou from the womb hast been my God ;
The breath which by thy grace I gain'd
I render back in songs of praise,
I live to glorify thy grace.

- 5 A monster to the world I am ;
But thou my mighty refuge art :
Thy glory be my constant theme,
Thy praises fill my mouth and heart :
O that I thus my life might spend,
And praise and love thee to the end !
- 6 Cast me not off in feeble age,
When strength and human succour fail ;
My foes their utmost powers engage ;
The banded powers of death and hell
Conspire to seize their helpless prey,
And tear my trembling soul away.
- 7 Ah ! do not at a distance stand !
Haste to my help in Power Divine ;
Destroy, by thine avenging hand,
My cruel enemies and thine ;
Pronounce our adversary's doom,
Now, Lord, " the man of sin " consume.

PART II.

- 8 I wait to prove thine utmost grace,
To love and praise thee evermore ;
My mouth shall show thy righteousness,
The riches of thy saving power :
But who thy saving power can tell ?
Its riches are unsearchable.

- 9 Yet will I in thy strength go forth,
And spread thy Righteousness Divine ;
Trample on all the creatures' worth ;
Merit and good are only thine :
Impute it, and our sin 's forgiven,
Implant, and man is meet for heaven.
- 10 Me from my youth thou, Lord, hast taught,
And still I have thy wonders shown ;
Feeble and old, forsake me not
Till I thy saving power make known,
To this, and distant times record
My glorious, all-redeeming Lord.
- 11 Thy righteousness is far above
The human or angelic ken :
Who can express thy mighty love,
Thy wonders towards the sons of men ?
What earthly power, or heavenly, dare
With thee the God of gods compare ?
- 12 Thee, Saviour of mankind, I bless,
And thank thee for my troubles past ;
Out of the depth of sore distress
Thy love shall bring me up at last ;
Quicken, increase my faith, and guide,
And comfort me on every side.
- 13 Wherefore I will thy goodness sing,
Thy faithfulness with joy record ;
My harp, and every tuneful string,
Shall sound the mercies of my Lord,
The Holy One of Israel praise,
The pardoning God of truth and grace.

14 My lips shall glory in the song,
 My soul in thy redeeming love ;
 Thy righteousness shall all day long
 The matter of my triumph prove ;
 For all the tempter's rage is o'er,
 And sin and sorrow are no more.

VERSE IX.

CAST me not away in the time of age.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

THOU, who from infancy to age
 Hast been my never-failing Friend,
 Support through life's extremest stage,
 And bring me to my journey's end ;
 And bid me live, to sing thy praise,
 An age of everlasting days.

VERSE IX.

FORSAKE me not when my strength faileth me.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

1 THROUGH labour exhausted, and pain,
 Will Christ from his servant depart ?
 Or with me in weakness remain,
 The strength and the joy of my heart ?
 2 His power I in weakness shall prove,
 Confiding in Jesus's Name,
 The God of unchangeable love,
 For ever and ever the same !

ANOTHER.

1 THOU who so long hast saved me here,
 A little longer save,

Till, freed from sin, and freed from fear,
I sink into a grave.

2 Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend ;
And O ! my life of mercies crown
With a triumphant end !

VERSE XVI.

I WILL make mention of thy righteousness only.

1 LET others of their virtue boast,
And call it all their own ;
I in the only merit trust
Of God's most holy Son.

2 The righteousness by Jesus wrought
Shall all my evil hide
Till, deep into my spirit brought,
It show me sanctified.

PSALM LXXII.

VERSES I., VIII., XX.*

1 THUS hath the son of Jesse said,
When Israel's God had raised his head
To high imperial sway ;
Struck with his last poetic fire,
He tuned his own harmonious lyre
To this majestic lay.

* We insert this because of its cognate character. It is termed by the author "A paraphrase on the last words of David:" and Psalm lxxii. closes with "The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended."

- 2 Through inspiration from above,
The trembling strings concordant move,
While the sweet Psalmist sung :—
“ Be God’s eternal Name adored,
Who gave his own prophetic word
To my responsive tongue.
- 3 “ Thus hath the God of Israel spoke,
And thus did Israel’s sacred Rock
To me his mind declare :—
‘ He that assumes the regal rein,
Must rule with justice over men,
And make the Lord his fear.
- 4 “ ‘ Thus shall my co-eternal Son,
Who sits collateral on the throne,
And who, in future days,
Will from the heaven of heavens descend,
With justice rule, and wide extend
The sceptre of his grace.
- 5 “ ‘ His light on barbarous lands shall rise,
Dispel their mists, and on their eyes
Pour sweet celestial day :
As when thick glooms have wrapt the night,
The sun returns with radiance bright,
And paints creation gay.
- 6 “ ‘ As withering plants, by gentle showers,
Erect their heads, and spread their flowers,
Enamelling all the ground,
So shall my Great Messiah raise
The drooping heads of men, while praise
Shall ring through nature’s round.

7 “The meek, the humble, and opprest,
 With his salvation shall be blest,
 And raised to endless life ;
 But Belial’s sons, though thick beset
 With prickly thorns, beneath his feet
 Shall perish in the strife.’”

VERSE I.

GIVE the king thy judgments, O God.

O God in Christ, accept our prayer !
 On thy vicegerent here confer
 The wisdom from above ;
 Thy righteousness impute, impart,
 And put within his tender heart
 The law of heavenly love.

PSALM LXXIII.

VERSE XXV.

WHOM have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I
 desire beside thee.

1 EVER nigh to those who call,
 Jesus, thou art All in all,
 Righteous Advocate of love,
 Seated near the throne above ;
 I to Salem’s gates draw near,
 Fearless when thy voice I hear.

2 Whom have I, but thee, to plead ?
 ’T was thyself alone that bled !
 Who but thee could e’er prevail ?
 Legions of archangels fail !

Only thou to us art given,
Only thou, the King of heaven.

- 3 Whom, on earth, but thee, have I?
Who, but thee, for me would die?
Who can every care relieve?
Who can every blessing give?
Who can every sickness heal?
Who can mysteries reveal?

- 4 When impending storms appear,
Who can save, or who can cheer?
Who can re-create the heart?
Who can life and bliss impart?
Only thou, my glorious Lord,
Thou alone canst all afford!

- 5 Let me not from thee e'er swerve,
Only thee I'll love and serve;
Only thou shalt be my theme,
Only thou,—resolved I am!
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Who on earth compared can be?

ANOTHER.

O MY all-sufficient God!
Thou know'st my heart's desire,
Be this only thing bestow'd,
I nothing else require;
Nothing else in earth or skies
In time or in eternity:
Heaven itself could not suffice:
I seek not thine, but thee.

ANOTHER.

- 1 THOU art the thing, the' Eternal Word,
 For which my spirit sighs !
 Not all thy gifts and graces, Lord,
 Can without thee suffice.
- 2 My perfect holiness thou art,
 My full felicity :
 Enter, and fill my hungry heart,
 Which wants no heaven but thee.

VERSE XXVI.

MY flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart, and
 my portion for ever.

LET this feeble body droop,
 And fail this fainting heart ;
 Thou, O God, my strength, my hope,
 My heavenly portion art.
 Age may break, or sickness seize,
 Or pain, or mortal agony ;
 Dying, dead, I still possess
 Eternal life in thee.

PSALM LXXIV.

VERSE XII.

THE help that is done upon earth, he doeth it himself.—*Prayer-Book
 Translation.*

O LORD from heaven, on earth bestow'd !
 Thy goodness makes our blessings sure :

Thy strength sustains us in the food,
Thy grace doth in the medicine cure ;
Whate'er the means or channels be,
Our help is all derived from thee.

PSALM LXXX.

ADAPTED TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

PART I.

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,
Who ledest Israel like a sheep,
Present to guard, and give them food,
And kindly in thy bosom keep ;
- 2 Hear thy afflicted people's prayer,
Arise out of thy holy place,
Stir up thy strength, thine arm make bare,
And vindicate thy chosen race.
- 3 Haste to our help, thou God of love !
Supreme, almighty King of kings,
Descend all-glorious from above,
Come flying on the cherubs' wings !
- 4 Turn us again, O Lord ! and show
The brightness of thy lovely face ;
So shall we all be saints below,
And saved, and perfected in grace.
- 5 O Lord of hosts, O God of grace,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn
Against thine own peculiar race
Who ever pray thee to return ?

6 Thou givest us plenteous draughts of tears,
With tears thou dost thy people feed ;
We sorrow till thy face appears,
Affliction is our daily bread.

7 A strife we are to all around,
By vile intestine vipers torn ;
Our bitter household-foes abound,
And laugh our fallen church to scorn.

8 Turn us again, O God ! and show
The brightness of thy lovely face ;
So shall we all be saints below,
And saved, and perfected in grace.

PART II.

9 Surely, O Lord, we once were thine,
(Thou hast for us thy wonders wrought,)
A generous and right noble vine,
When newly out of Egypt brought.

10 Thou didst the Heathen stock expel,
And chase them from their quiet home,
Druids and all the brood of hell,
And monks of antichristian Rome.

11 Planted by thine almighty hand,
Water'd with blood, the vine took root,
And spread throughout the happy land,
And fill'd the earth with golden fruit.

12 The hills were cover'd with her shade,
Her branchy arms extended wide ;

Their fair luxuriant honours spread,
And flourish'd as the cedar's pride.

- 13 Her boughs she stretch'd from sea to sea,
And reach'd to frozen Scotia's shore.
(They once revered the hierarchy,
And bless'd the mitre's sacred power.)
- 14 Why then hast thou abhorr'd thine own,
And cast thy pleasant plant away?
Broke down her hedge, her fence o'erthrown,
And left her to the beasts of prey?
- 15 All that go by pluck off her grapes,
Our Sion of her children spoil;
And error in ten thousand shapes
Would every gracious soul beguile.
- 16 The boar out of the German wood
Tears up her roots with baleful power;
The lion roaring for his food,
And all the forest beasts, devour.
- 17 Turn thee again, O Lord our God!
Look down with pity from above!
O lay aside thy vengeful rod,
And visit us in pardoning love!

PART III.

- 18 The vineyard which thine own right hand
Hath planted in these nations, see;
The branch that rose at thy command,
And yielded gracious fruit to thee:

- 19 'Tis now cut down, and burnt with fire :
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
Visit thy foes in righteous ire,
Vengeance on all thy haters take.
- 20 Look on them with thy flaming eyes,
The sin-consuming virtue dart ;
And bid our fallen church arise,
And make us after thine own heart.
- 21 To us our nursing-fathers raise ;
Thy grace be on the great bestow'd ;
And let the king show forth thy praise,
And rise to build the house of God.
- 22 Thou hast ordain'd the powers that be :
Strengthen thy delegate below ;
He bears the rule derived from thee ;
O let him all thy image show !
- 23 Support him with thy guardian hand,
Thy royal grace be seen in him ;
King of a re-converted land,
In goodness as in power supreme !
- 24 So will we not from thee go back,
If thou our ruin'd church restore ;
No, never more will we forsake,
No, never will we grieve thee more.
- 25 Revive, O God of power, revive
Thy work in our degenerate days !
O let us by thy mercy live,
And all our lives shall speak thy praise.

26 Turn us again, O Lord ! and show
The brightness of thy lovely face ;
So shall we all be saints below,
And saved, and perfected in grace.

VERSE III.

SHOW the light of thy countenance, and we shall be whole.—*Prayer-Book
Translation.*

- 1 JESUS, full of truth and grace,
Show my heart thy heavenly face ;
Shine, the true Eternal Light,
Put my darkness all to flight :
- 2 Then my sin shall disappear,
Heal'd of all my evils here ;
Then I as my Lord shall shine,
Blended with the Light Divine.

PSALM LXXXI.

VERSE X.

OPEN thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

GIVE me that enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole ;
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider, and yet wider still ;
Then with all that is in thee
My soul for ever fill.

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy tents, O Lord,
Where'er thou choosest to record
Thy Name, or place thy house of prayer!
My soul outflies the angel-quire,
And faints, o'erpower'd with strong desire,
To meet thy special presence there.
- 2 My heart and flesh cry out for God :
There would I fix my soul's abode,
As birds that in the altars nest ;
There would I all my young ones bring,
An offering to my God and King,
And in thy courts for ever rest.
- 3 Happy the men, to whom 't is given
To dwell within that gate of heaven,
And in thy house record thy praise ;
Whose strength and confidence thou art,
Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The way, the truth, the life of grace :
- 4 Who, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well
That flows replenish'd from above :
From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear,
And each receives his crown of love !
- 5 O Lord of hosts, incline thine ear !
Thou mighty God of Jacob, hear !
Accept me in thy favourite Son :

O look on thy Messiah's face,
And grant me, for his sake, the grace
To live and die to thee alone.

6 Better a day thy courts within,
Than thousands in the tents of sin :
How base the noblest pleasures there !
How great the weakest child of thine !
His meanest task is all Divine ;
And kings and priests thy servants are.

7 The Lord protects and cheers his own ;
Their light and strength, their shield and sun,
He shall both grace and glory give :
Unlimited his bounteous grant ;
No real good they e'er shall want ;
All, all is theirs, who upright live.

8 O Lord of hosts, how bless'd is he
Who steadfastly believes in thee !
He all thy promises shall gain :
The soul that on thy love is cast,
Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
And soon with thee in glory reign.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, the ancient days,
When Israel did thy favour prove ;
And, pitying our unfaithful race,
Repeat the wonders of thy love :
Thou hast to them propitious been,
And brought them back, to exile driven :

In mercy blotted out their sin,
Hast freely all their sin forgiven.

2 Thou hast thy people's doom repeal'd,
Thine anger with their guilt removed ;
And kindly their backslidings heal'd,
And still the humbled rebels loved.
Wherefore to us in grace and peace,
O God of our salvation, turn !
Us, Lord, from all our sins release,
And let thy wrath no longer burn !

3 Wilt thou thine own for ever chide,
No more thy desolate church forgive ?
Wilt thou no more be pacified,
Or turn, and bid thy people live ?
O might we hear again thy voice,
Again thy loving-kindness see,
And, freely justified, rejoice
In thee, the God of mercies, thee !

4 The tokens of thy favour show ;
Now, Saviour, now the grace impart,
And let us thy salvation know,
Forgiveness written on our heart.
My soul pursues the Spirit's prayer ;
I listen for the sacred sign ;
The Lord shall soon his will declare,
And answer me in peace divine.

5 His peace he to his saints shall give,
And speak into their hearts his power ;
But let them to their Saviour cleave,
And sin against his love no more.

Surely his saving health is near,
And humble souls the grace shall feel ;
That glory may on earth appear,
That Jesus in our hearts may dwell.

6 Mercy and truth in concert sweet
To' accomplish our redemption join ;
Justice and peace together meet
Harmonious in the plan divine.
Sinners the faithful God can clear,
His truth and grace their souls release ;
Justice, inflexibly severe,
Absolves them with a kiss of peace.

7 Truth shall spring up, the truth of grace,
From earthly souls through Christ forgiven,
While God reveals his smiling face,
And righteousness looks down from heaven.
The Lord from all our sins shall save ;
The souls his love delights to bless
Shall thrive, and flourish fair, and have
Their fruit to perfect holiness.

8 Foremost of the celestial train
His righteousness shall still proceed,
Release us from our guilty chain,
And on to glorious freedom lead.
In all his steps the heavenly Guide
Shall lead us up to things above ;
And, planted in our heart, abide,
And perfect us in sinless love.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 Bow down, O Lord, thy gracious ear,
Thy poor and needy servant hear ;
My soul is all thine own :
Preserve me, O my God, and save,
Faith in thy mighty power I have,
I trust in thee alone.
- 2 The reconciling word apply ;
For mercy, Lord, I daily cry,
And raise my soul to heaven ;
Show me the brightness of thy face,
Gladden my heart by pardoning grace,
And speak my sins forgiven.
- 3 Thou still art ready to forgive ;
Who sue to thee for life shall live ;
Who seek thy face shall find ;
Thy grace doth, more than sin, abound ;
With thee is plenteous pardon found
For me and all mankind.
- 4 Now, Saviour, now accept my prayer,
While sore oppress'd with guilty care !
In this my evil day
I call for help on thee alone ;
Thou wilt regard my humble moan,
And hear me when I pray.
- 5 Among the gods there's none like thee :
The glories of the Deity
Through all creation shine ;

Who then to vie with thee shall dare ?
Thy works are all beyond compare,
And speak thy Hand Divine.

6 The nations thou hast made shall all
Approach with humble fear, and fall
Prostrate before thy face ;
Thee every tongue shall soon proclaim,
And glorify the Saviour's name,
Saviour of all their race !

7 For thou in power and love art great,
Enthroned in everlasting state ;
The works which thou hast done
What angel tongue can fully tell ?
Thy every act is miracle,
And thou art God alone.

8 Teach me, O Lord, thy perfect way ;
My simple heart shall then obey,
With filial fear adore ;
Then all my heart thy Name shall bless,
And praise, and sing, and never cease,
And love thee evermore.

9 For, O ! thy love to me is great ;
Thou hast redeem'd me from the pit
Of hellish misery ;
From all who sought my soul to' oppress,
Human and devilish enemies,
Thy love hath set me free.

10 Thou, Lord, a God of mercy art,
Mere mercy fills thy tender heart,

And meek long-suffering grace :
Plenteous in truth, and pardoning love,
Thy bowels of compassion move
To all the fallen race.

- 11 Turn then to me, thy mercy show ;
My soul with strength Divine endue,
Thy image, Lord, restore ;
In me, thy servant and thy son,
Make all thy great salvation known,
And bid me sin no more.
- 12 Some pledge of good bestow on me,
That all my foes with shame may see
The Lord is on my part :
My help and comfort in distress ;
Who gave me this sure pledge of peace,
Shall make me pure in heart.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

VERSE VIII.

I AM so fast in prison, that I cannot get forth.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 IN unbelief imprison'd fast,
Far from the sight of day,
I cannot struggle forth, or cast
My chains of sin away.
- 2 Jesus, thou know'st I cannot please,
Or serve, the living God,
Till thou my helpless soul release
Through thy redeeming blood.

PSALM LXXXIX.

VERSES V., VI., VII., VIII., XIII., XIV.

- 1 THOU, the great, eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought,
Worthy to be fear'd, adored
By those thy hands have wrought :
None can with thyself compare ;
Thy glory fills both earth and sky :
We, and all thy creatures, are
As nothing in thine eye.
- 2 Of thy great unbounded power
To thee the praise we give,
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive :
When thou wilt to work proceed,
None thy purpose can withstand,
Frustrate the determined deed,
Or stay the' Almighty hand.
- 3 Thou, O God, art wise alone ;
Thy counsel doth excel :
Wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable :
Who can sound thy mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain ?
Thou, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man.
- 4 Thou, the holy God and pure,
Hatest iniquity ;

Evil thou canst not endure,
 Or let it stay with thee.
 Who from sin refuse to turn,
 Sinners with thee shall never dwell,
 But thy righteous wrath shall burn
 After their souls to hell.

VERSE XIX.

I HAVE laid help upon ONE that is mighty.
 JESUS, omnipotent to save!
 Righteousness and strength I have,
 And help laid up on thee :
 Fulness of gospel-grace is thine,
 And all the plenitude divine,
 That ALL may dwell in me.

PSALM XC.

VERSE XII.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto
 wisdom.

- 1 God of my life, preserved by grace,
 Like Moses' bush amidst the fire !
 Teach me to count aright my days,
 With wisdom pure my heart inspire ;
 That, busied with the one concern,
 I may my remnant-life employ
 Thy meek humility to learn,
 And enter thy celestial joy.
- 2 In number as my days decrease,
 In value, Lord, I know, they rise ;

And every moment makes them less,
And brings me nearer to the skies ;
If taught by thee my hours to' improve,
My hours I on account receive,
And live to win thy precious love,
And only to thy glory live.

3 Thy Spirit now if thou infuse,
My latter end I wisely weigh,
No more the' important moments lose,
No more neglect to watch and pray :
Stirr'd up to seek the God unknown,
My soul awakes to righteousness ;
And strives, and pants, and wrestles on
For power to live and die in peace.

4 This instant now I cease from sin,
This instant now I turn to thee,
And trust thy blood to make me clean
From all, from all impurity :
The current of thy powerful blood
Shall all my mountain-sins remove ;
Wash off, wash out, my nature's load,
And waft me to the port above.

ANOTHER.

WARN'D of my dissolution near,
I see my one great business here,
To thee for wisdom cry :
Wisdom to live ? 'T is now too late !
But O, before I meet my fate,
Instruct me *how to die !*

VERSE XV.

COMFORT us again, now after the time that thou hast plagued us.—

Prayer-Book Translation.

- 1 FOR half an age of mournful years
I justly plagued have been,
As left by God to griefs and fears,
And sin-chastising sin.
- 2 Comfort me, Saviour, by thy grace :
And when thy face I see,
An age of everlasting days
I shall rejoice in thee.

PSALM XCI.

- 1 HE that in Christ his soul doth hide,
That secret place of God Most High,
Shall safe and undisturb'd abide,
With sin, the world, and Satan nigh ;
Wrapt in a covering from above,
And shadow'd by Almighty Love.
- 2 "The Lord," my faithful heart replies,
"The Lord is my defence and tower ;
On him my steadfast soul relies,
And still receives his saving power :
My God shall still his own defend,
And hide and love me to the end.
- 3 "Thy faith in him shall not be vain ;
He shall from Satan's snare release,
Save thee from sin's infectious stain,
And cleanse from all unrighteousness ;

That sorest inbred plague remove :
The antidote is perfect love.

- 4 “ Thee no alarms of war can fright,
Or take thy confidence away ;
The pestilence that walks by night,
And sweeps whole nations in a day,
With all the pomp of mortal pain,
Surrounds thy fearless soul in vain.
- 5 “ A thousand at thy side shall lie,
And yield in groans their tainted breath ;
Ten thousand in thy sight shall die,
While, calm amidst the darts of death,
Thy soul the waster’s rage defies,
Safe in its LIFE that never dies.
- 6 “ Thy sacred hairs are number’d all ;
Evil thou canst not feel nor fear ;
Thine eyes shall see the wicked fall,
And antedate his judgment here ;
While safe thou in the Lord dost dwell,
Beyond the reach of earth and hell.
- 7 “ Whose refuge is the Lord Most High,
Whose trust is in his gracious power,
Evil and plague shall not come nigh,
And sin shall never touch thee more ;
While all the heavenly hosts attend
The man, whom God hath call’d his friend.
- 8 “ Charged by the sovereign King of kings
To guard and keep his royal heir,

The angels wrap thee in their wings,
And in their hands securely bear ;
Preserve thy life, nor let thee meet
A stone to wound thy sacred feet.

9 "Unhurt thou shalt on adders tread,
On lions, by thy faith o'erthrown ;
Thy foot shall crush the serpent's head,
Thy faith shall cast the dragon down ;
Victorious through the bleeding Lamb,
The' omnipotence of Jesu's Name."

10 Because he chose the better part,
Resolved to give me all his heart,
Rejoiced my healing Name to know,
I will from all his sins redeem,
In him reveal my love ; in him
Mine uttermost salvation show.

11 Mine ear shall hearken to his cry,
Mine arm shall set him up on high,
In trouble comfort and defend ;
Honour the vessel of my grace,
And to a life of glory raise,
Begun on earth, but ne'er to end.

PSALM XCIII.

1 JEHOVAH reigns on high
In peerless majesty ;
Boundless power his royal robe,
Purest light his garment is ;
Rules his word the spacious globe,
'Stablish'd it in floating seas.

- 2 Ancient of days ! thy Name
 And Essence is I AM ;
Thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Gavest whatever is to be ;
Stood thine everlasting throne,
 Stands to all eternity.
- 3 The floods, with angry noise,
 Have lifted up their voice,—
Lifted up their voice on high ;
 Fiends and men exclaim aloud ;
Rage the waves, and dash the sky,
 Hell assails the throne of God.
- 4 Their fury cannot move
 The Lord who reigns above ;
Him the mighty waves obey,
 Sinking at his awful will ;
Ocean owns his sovereign sway,
 Hell at his command is still.
- 5 Thy statutes, Lord, are sure,
 And as thyself endure ;
Thine eternal house above
 Holy souls alone can see,
Fitted here by perfect love,
 There to reign enthroned with thee.

PSALM XCVII.

- 1 THE Lord unrivall'd reigns,
 His royal power maintains :
Earth, thine awful Monarch bless,
 Own with joy his happy sway ;

Him let all thine isles confess,
All exult their God to' obey.

2 Darkness and clouds surround
 The King with glory crown'd :
Righteousness and sovereign grace
 To support his empire join ;
Burns a fire before his face,
 Minister of wrath divine.

3 The sin-consuming power
 Doth terribly devour !
By the weapons of his war,
 Thunderstruck, his foes expire,
Through the earth his lightnings glare,
 Set the trembling world on fire.

4 The hills were melted down,
 Like wax before the sun.
Lord of the whole earth he is ;
 Hail the present Deity !
Heaven, declare his righteousness,
 All the world, his glory see !

5 Confounded are all they
 That other lords obey,
Boasters of their idols vain !
 Own, ye kings, his sovereign power ;
Serve the Lord by whom ye reign,
 Him, ye gods of earth, adore.

6 Sion hath heard his word,
 And gloried in her Lord.

Jesus, God of truth and love,
Power supreme to thee is given,
Far above all gods, above
Every Name in earth or heaven !

7 Fly every touch of blame,
All ye that love his Name !
He preserves your souls below,
Keeps from sin and Satan's power,
Till his utmost truth ye know,
Till his saints can sin no more.

8 The light of truth is sown
For every simple one.
Reap the fruits of joy and peace,
Righteous souls, the promise prove,
Thank him for his holiness,
Glory in his perfect love.

VERSE I.

THE Lord is King ; the earth may be glad thereof.—*Prayer-Book
Translation.*

THE Lord is King !
Rejoice and sing !
My God and King thou art.
Thy Spirit reigns,
Thy love maintains
Its sway within my heart.

VERSE X.

O YE that love the Lord, see that ye hate the thing which is evil.—

Prayer-Book Translation.

- 1 THE Lord, whom I sincerely love,
My hate of sin alone can prove.
But, in my unregenerate state,
Evil, alas ! I cannot hate.
- 2 Yet, drawn by him, he knows I would
Evil abhor, and cleave to good ;
And God, who gives me these desires,
Will give whate'er himself requires.

PSALM XCVIII.

- 1 SING we to our conquering Lord
A new triumphant song ;
Joyfully his deeds record,
And with a thankful tongue :
Wonders his right hand hath wrought ;
Still his outstretch'd arm we see ;
He alone the fight hath fought,
And got the victory.
- 2 God, the' almighty God, hath made
His great salvation known ;
Openly to all display'd
His glory in his Son :
Christ hath brought the life to light,
Bade the glorious gospel shine,
Show'd, in all the Heathen's sight,
His righteousness Divine.

- 3 He to Israel's chosen race
His promise hath fulfill'd :
Mindful of his word of grace,
His saving health reveal'd :
He to all the sons of men
Hath his truth and mercy show'd ;
Earth's remotest bounds have seen
The pardoning love of God.
- 4 Make a loud and cheerful noise
To him that reigns above ;
Earth, with all thy sons, rejoice
In the Redeemer's love :
Raise your songs of triumph high,
Bring him every tuneful strain,
Praise the Lord who stoop'd to die,
To ransom wretched man.
- 5 Him with lute and harp record,
With shawms and trumpets praise ;
Sing, rejoice, before the Lord,
And glory in his grace :
Hymn his grace, and truth, and power ;
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing ;
Praise him, praise him evermore,
And triumph with your King.
- 6 Ocean, roar, with all thy waves,
In honour of his Name ;
He who all creation saves
Doth all their homage claim :
Clap your hands, ye floods ! Ye hills,
Joyful all his praise rehearse ;

Praise him till his glory fills
The vocal universe !

- 7 Lo ! he comes with clouds ! He comes
In dreadful pomp array'd !
All his glorious power assumes,
To judge the world he made :
Righteous shall his sentence be :
Think of that tremendous bar !
Every eye the Judge shall see !
And *thou* shalt meet him there !

PSALM C.

- 1 YE sons of men, lift up your voice,
Ye nations of the earth, rejoice,
In God rejoice with one accord !
Bow all your hearts before his face,
Adore him for creating grace,
And shout and sing to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Know, that the Lord is God alone ;
He made and claims us for his own,
His creatures for himself design'd ;
We are the sheep of Israel's fold,
The flock he hath redeem'd of old ;
His people now is all mankind.
- 3 O enter then his courts with praise,
Press to the channels of his grace,
With joyful thanks your God proclaim :
Give him the glory of his love,
And praise him, like the hosts above,
And bless his all-redeeming name.

- 4 Praise him, the faithful Lord and good !
His mercy hath for ages stood ;
His mercy stands for ever sure :
His steadfast truth shall never fail,
His word and oath unchangeable
Through all eternity endure.

PSALM CI.

VERSE II.

O WHEN wilt thou come unto me ?

- 1 WHY not now, my God, my God,
(Ready if thou always art,)
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart ?
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now ?
- 2 At the close of life's short day
For thyself to thee I cry :
Dying, if thou still delay
Must I not for ever die ?
Enter now thy poorest home,
Now, my utmost Saviour, come !

PSALM CII.

- 1 HEAR, O Lord, my bitter cry,
Regard my sad complaint !
Do not thou thy help deny
When most thy help I want !

Hide not thou thy face from me,
Thine ear in tender mercy bow,
Hearken while I call on thee,
Relieve, relieve me now.

2 All my days like smoke expire
In vanity and sin ;
Sin as a consuming fire
I find shut up within :
Droops my heart, as grass cut down,
No more my nature's wants I heed ;
Groaning underneath thy frown,
My tears are all my bread.

3 Worn away with endless pain,
My strength is lost and gone ;
In the desert I complain,
Forgotten and alone ;
As the boding bird of night
I sit, disdaining all relief,
Far removed from human sight,
And brooding o'er my grief.

4 Still my foes with rage and scorn
Pursue my misery ;
Madly hath their malice sworn
To vent itself on me ;
Me, alas ! distress'd, dismay'd,
O'erwhelm'd with sins, and griefs, and fears !
Ashes are my only bread,
And all my drink is tears.

5 Crush'd beneath thine anger, I
My alter'd state bemoan ;

Whom thy mercy raised so high
Thy justice hath cast down.
Fleets my life's declining hour,
And swifter than a shadow flies,
Scarce so soon the short-lived flower
Withers away and dies.

6 But my God is still the same,
And shall for ever be,
One unchangeable I AM
Through all eternity.
Stands thy love upon record,
Thy truth immovably secure !
All thy faithful mercies, Lord,
From age to age endure.

7 Thou shalt, to thy promise just,
Arise thy church to build,
Lift her up out of the dust,
The time is now fulfill'd :
Weeping o'er her scatter'd stones,
Thy servants by her ruins stay,
Thy own Spirit groans their groans,
And bids thee come away.

8 Then the Gentile world shall praise
And bow to Jesu's Name ;
All the kings of earth his grace
And glory shall proclaim :
When the Lord his church shall rear,
He all his mercy shall display,
Glorious in his saints appear,
And bring the perfect day.

9 Then he shall regard the cries
Of his poor desolate one ;
Seem no more to slight his sighs,
But answer every groan :
Him who comforts all that mourn
The sacred annals shall record,
That the people yet unborn
Might praise and love the Lord.

10 From his high and holy place
The Saviour hath look'd down ;
Seen from heaven the earthborn race
Who groan'd beneath his frown ;
He hath heard their mournful cry,
And loosed the hopeless prisoner's chain ;
Whom his justice doom'd to die
His love revives again.

11 Them his love delights to spare,
That they his praise may show,
Joyfully his Name declare,
Throughout his church below ;
When the Gentiles are brought in,
And all obey the gospel-word,
Slaves no more to hell and sin,
But servants of the Lord !

12 I, alas ! was hastening on
To see the glorious day ;
But the Lord hath brought me down,
And weaken'd in the way ;
Failing in the doubtful strife,
I part with my extorted hope,

Ready to despair of life,
And give the promise up.

13 "Spare me, O my God!" I said;
"Nor yet from earth remove,
Young in life, unsaved, unfreed,
A stranger to thy love:
Take me not in wrath away,
But let me know thy saving Name,
Jesus now, and yesterday,
And evermore, the same.

14 "Thou, the unbeginning Word,
Hast earth's foundations laid;
Thee the heavens declare their Lord,
Whose hands have all things made;
They again shall own thee God,
And nature's works shall all expire,
Worlds created by thy nod
Shall perish by thy fire.

15 "Folded as a garment, they
Shall soon be cast aside;
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
But thou shalt still abide,
Changing all things at thy will;
The' omnipotent Jehovah thou,
God supreme, unchangeable,
Through one eternal Now!

16 "Thou, with all that keep thy word,
Shalt evermore endure;
'Stablish'd in their faithful Lord,
Their seed shall stand secure;

Stand, and walk with thee in light,
The pillars that no more remove,
Pure, and spotless in thy sight,
And perfected in love."

VERSE XV.

ALL the kings of the earth shall fear thy majesty.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 Now let *our* monarch see
Thy brighter majesty !
Now the royal promise seal,
True and gracious as thou art !
Jesus, Sun of heaven, reveal
All thy glories in his heart.
- 2 Give him in thee to view
The' eternal God and true !
Thou, the Lord, the Lord Most High,
Thou, the only God Supreme,
Fulness of the Deity,
Reign, for ever reign, in him !

VERSE XXIII.

HE brought down my strength in my journey.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 THOU who hast brought my body down,
Bring down the strength of sin,
And fill my soul with power unknown,
Thy kingdom fix'd within.
- 2 To save from twice ten thousand snares,
Mine utmost Saviour, come !
And then bring down my hoary hairs
With triumph to the tomb.

PSALM CIII.

VERSE III.

WHO forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I long to testify
The fulness of thy gracious power ;
O might thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the peace,—and more !
- 2 Forgive, and make my nature whole,
My sinful maladies remove ;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

VERSE X.

HE hath not dealt with us after our sins.

- 1 No ; for I am not yet in hell,
Worthy the sorest torments there !
Thy mercy, not thy wrath, I feel,
And breathe *on earth* a humble prayer :—
- 2 Since thou hast suffer'd me so long,
O let me all thy patience prove,
Till, saved, I sing the gospel-song,
And bless thee for thy richest love.

VERSES XX., XXI.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye blessed ones,
Your glorious Lord, and ours,
Principalities and thrones,
And all the heavenly powers !
Angels that in strength excel,
Here your utmost strength employ ;

Let your ravish'd spirit swell
With endless praise and joy !

2 Worms of earth, on God we call,
And challenge you to sing ;
Sing the Sovereign Cause of all,
The universal King ;
While eternal ages last,
The transporting theme repeat,
Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast
Your crowns before his seat.

3 There, with you, we trust to lie,
With you to rise again,
Nearest him that rules the sky,
And foremost of his train ;
We shall lead the heavenly choir,
We shall give the key to you,
Singing to our golden lyre
The song for ever new.

PSALM CIV.

VERSE XV.

AND wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

1 THEE, Father, Son, and Spirit, we
Our kind Preserver praise,
While in thy threefold gifts we see
And taste thy threefold grace.
Thou feed'st the needy sons of men,
Thou dost our strength renew,
With corn, and wine, and oil sustain
Our fainting spirits too.

2 Father, in thee we taste the bread
That cheers the church above,
And drink, from sin and sorrow freed,
The wine of Jesu's love.
The oil of joy the Spirit of grace
To us himself imparts,
The oil that brightens every face,
And gladdens all our hearts.

3 With awful thanks we now receive
Our emblematic food ;
On Father, Son, and Spirit live,
And daily feast on God.
We to thy glory drink and eat,
Till all from earth remove,
The endless praises to repeat
Of all-sustaining love.

VERSES XXIV., XXIX., XXX.

1 AUTHOR of every work divine,
Who dost through both creations shine,
The God of nature and of grace !
Thy glorious steps in all we see,
And wisdom attribute to thee,
And power, and majesty, and praise.

2 Thou didst thy mighty wings outspread,
And, brooding o'er the chaos, shed
Thy life into the' impregn'd abyss,
The vital principle infuse,
And out of nothing's womb produce
The earth, and heaven, and all that is.

- 3 That all-informing Breath thou art,
Who dost continued life impart
And bidd'st the world persist to be :
Garnish'd by thee yon azure sky,
And all those beauteous orbs on high
Depend in golden chains from thee.
- 4 Thou dost create the earth anew,
(Its Maker and Preserver too,)
By thine almighty arm sustain :
Nature perceives thy secret force,
And still holds on her even course,
And owns thy providential reign.
- 5 Thou art the Universal Soul,
The Plastic Power that fills the whole,
And governs earth, air, sea, and sky ;
The creatures all thy breath receive ;
And who, by thy inspiring, live,
Without thy inspiration die.
- 6 Spirit immense, Eternal Mind !
Thou on the souls of lost mankind
Dost with benignest influence move ;
Pleased to restore the ruined race,
And new create a world of grace
In all the image of thy love.

PSALM CV.

VERSES XXXIX., XLIII., XLIV.

- 1 ENTER'D on the vast wilderness,
Jesus, thy helpless people see !

With comfort and protection bless
The gospel-church redeem'd by thee ;
A cloud by day, a fire by night,
Defend us with thy heavenly light !

2 Take not the sacred signs away,
The tokens of thy guardian power :
Preserved in night, refresh'd by day,
Baptized by many a gracious shower,
Cover us with thy cloudy shrine,
And in the fiery column shine.

3 To all believers visible,
Who in thy pardoning love confide,
With us thou promisest to dwell,
And to that pleasant country guide,
Where Israel finds, of thee possest,
The land of everlasting rest.

PSALM CVI.

VERSE IV.

O VISIT me with thy salvation !

1 SALVATION gladly I embrace,
Because it comes with thee :
Jesus, my Strength and Righteousness,
And sole Salvation, be !

2 When thou, the gift unspeakable,
Into my heart art given,
Thy fulness, Lord, in me shall dwell,
Thy nature and thy heaven.

PSALM CVII.

PART I.

- 1 O YE that know the pardoning Lord,
His everlasting love record,
Give thanks, and glory in his grace !
Gather'd by Jesus from all lands,
Redeem'd from sin and Satan's hands,
Your merciful Redeemer praise :
- 2 Ere yet on Christ their souls were stay'd,
O'er the wide wilderness they stray'd,
The world of sin they wander'd round ;
Parch'd up with thirst, and pined with want,
Weary, and comfortless, and faint,
They no abiding city found.
- 3 To God they in their trouble cried,
And kindly he their want supplied,
And saved them from their sore distress ;
Himself the living way he show'd,
Led them from all their sins to God,
And bade them dwell in perfect peace.
- 4 O that the world would therefore praise
The Lord, the God of boundless grace,
Whose love in all his works is seen !
With joyful lips confess his power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His wonders toward the sons of men !

PART II.

- 5 By him the hungry soul is fed ;
He fills the poor with living bread,
And breaks the mournful prisoners' chain ;
Those that in death and darkness dwelt,—
Gross darkness, such as might be felt,
The confines of eternal pain :
- 6 Because the rebels mock'd his word,
And spurn'd the goodness of their Lord,—
Jesus, most merciful, most high !
He gave them up their guilt to feel ;
Humbled them to the gates of hell,
As doom'd the second death to die.
- 7 To God they then in trouble cried,
And kindly he their wants supplied,
And saved them from their sore distress ;
He brought them from the depth again,
Pardon'd their sin, and burst their chain,
And loosed, and bade them go in peace.
- 8 O that the world would therefore praise
The Lord, the God of boundless grace,
Whose love in all his works is seen !
With joyful lips confess his power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His wonders towards the sons of men !

PART III.

- 9 He smote the gates that kept them in,
The brasen gates of actual sin,

The iron bars in sunder broke ;
From Satan's dungeon brought them up,
Delivered by the gospel-hope,
And into glorious freedom spoke.

10 But when to folly they return'd,
His wrath against the sinners burn'd,
And plagued them with judicial pain ;
Diseased they loathed their pleasant meat,
Their soul just sunk into the pit,
Their dust return'd to dust again.

11 To God they then in trouble cried,
And kindly he their wants supplied,
And saved them from their sore distress ;
He sent his all-reviving word,
Their body to full health restored,
Their soul to perfect holiness.

12 O that the world would therefore praise
The Lord, the God of boundless grace,
Whose love in all his works is seen !
With joyful lips confess his power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His wonders towards the sons of men !

PART IV.

13 His praise their happy lives employ ;
His praise, in songs of thankful joy,
Let all the sons of men proclaim :
His kindly, providential care
The forces of the sea declare,
And shout amidst the waves his praise.

- 14 Who plough with ships the watery road,
These see the mighty works of God,
His wonders in the' unbounded main :
He bids the stormy wind arise :
The tempest whirls them to the skies,
And sweeps them down to hell again.
- 15 Their joints and soul dissolved they feel ;
Drunken, but not with wine, they reel,
Their hopes expire, their labours cease :
To God they then despairing cry,
Who sends them succour from on high,
And saves them in their last distress.
- 16 Obedient to his sovereign will,
The winds are hush'd, the sea is still,
Their fears are with the storm supprest ;
Conducted by the' Almighty Hand,
With clamorous joy they grasp the land,
And in their long-sought haven rest.
- 17 O that the world would therefore praise
The Lord, the God of boundless grace,
Whose love in all his works is seen !
With joyful lips confess his power,
And ever feel, proclaim, adore
His wonders towards the sons of men !

PART V.

- 18 O that his saints, with one accord,
Would magnify their gracious Lord,
His goodness and his power proclaim :

Let all the' assembled people join,
The elders chant, in hymns divine,
Their great Redeemer's glorious Name.

- 19 Dreadful in power, as rich in grace,
He frowns, and changes nature's face,
Where sinners load the guilty land ;
He looks their springs and rivers dry,
Their fertile fields as deserts lie
Accursed, and turn'd to barren sand.
- 20 He smiles, and makes the desert smile,
Blesses the dry, unfruitful soil,
With living streams the waste supplies ;
The waste is clothed with sudden green,
And herbs, and flowers, and fruits are seen
Throughout the rising paradise.
- 21 Thither he bids the poor repair,
The hungry find their portion there,
And build a city in his Name :
They sow their fields, and vineyards plant,
And, bless'd of God with all they want,
His providential love proclaim.
- 22 He bids the little flock increase,
He fills them with his righteousness,
His mercy's unexhausted store ;
He never takes his mercy back,
He would not they should him forsake,
Or ever want or wander more.

PART VI.

- 23 But if again, by sin brought low,
They feel the weight of penal woe,
'Minish'd, afflicted, and opprest,
He chastens princes for their pride,
And leaves his own in deserts wide
To wander on, and want his rest.
- 24 Yet when beneath his wrath they stoop,
He lifts the humbled sinners up ;
Revives and cheers his abject poor ;
He dries the tears of all that weep,
And gathers home his scatter'd sheep,
And bids them to the end endure.
- 25 The righteous shall observe and praise
His judgments, and his works of grace,
His humbling and restoring power ;
While all that dared their God gainsay,
Shall wonder, fear, and melt away,
And charge his providence no more.
- 26 But he that, to salvation wise,
To things divine his heart applies,
The hidden mystery shall prove ;
That love of Christ which knows no end
He with all saints shall comprehend,
That utmost height of Jesu's love !

PSALM CX.

VERSES I., II., III.

- 1 THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
 "Sit thou, in glory sit,
Till I thine enemies have made
 To bow beneath thy feet."
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
 What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my Advocate I have,
 Enthroned at God's right hand?
- 3 Nature is subject to thy word ;
 All power to thee is given,
The uncontroll'd, almighty Lord
 Of hell, and earth, and heaven.
- 4 And shall my sins thy will oppose ?
 Master, thy right maintain !
O let not thy usurping foes
 In me thy servant reign !
- 5 Come, then, and claim me for thine own ;
 Saviour, thy right assert !
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
 And reign within my heart !
- 6 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway ;
 And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
 With all my soul submit.

- 7 So shall I do thy will below
As angels do above ;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.
- 8 Thy love the conquest more than gains ;
To all I shall proclaim,
“Jesus, the King, the Conqueror reigns ;
Bow down to Jesu’s Name.”
- 9 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

PSALM CXI.

VERSE V.

HE will ever be mindful of his covenant.

THY covenant this,—that I shall know
How merciful in Christ thou art,
Shall feel his blood and Spirit flow
In purest streams throughout my heart ;
Nor from my Father’s arms remove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

PSALM CXIV.

- 1 WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor’s land,
Conducted by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand ;
The Lord in Israel reign’d alone,
And Judah was his favourite throne.

- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled ;
 Disparted by the wondrous rod,
Jordan ran backward to his head,
 And Sinai felt the' incumbent God :
The mountains skipp'd like frightened rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs.
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea ?
 What horror turn'd the river back ?
Was nature's God displeased at thee ?
 And why should hills and mountains shake ?
Ye mountains huge, who skipp'd like rams,
Ye hills, who leap'd as frightened lambs !
- 4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy sons,
 In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns,—
 Her only law his sovereign word :
He shakes the centre with his nod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.
- 5 Creation, varied by his hand,
 The' omnipotent Jehovah knows :
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
 The rock into a fountain flows,
And all things, as they change, proclaim
Their Lord eternally the same.

PSALM CXVI.

- 1 O THOU who when I did complain
 Didst all my griefs remove !
O Saviour, do not now disdain
 My humble praise and love.

- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And hear me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thine aid.
- 3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
My soul encompass'd round ;
Anguish, and sin, and death, and pain,
On every side I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd,
And did for succour flee :
"O save" (in my distress I said)
"The soul that trusts in thee !"
- 5 How good thou art, how large thy grace !
How easy to forgive !
The helpless thou delight'st to raise :
And by thy love I live.
- 6 Then, O my soul, be never more
With anxious thoughts distrest ;
God's bounteous love doth thee restore
To ease, and joy, and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
My feet from falling free,
Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,
O Lord, I'll live to thee.

VERSE VIII.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and
my feet from falling.

- 1 My soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel,
Mine eyes from tears of vain despair,
My feet from falling into hell :
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run,
Mine eyes on his perfections gaze,
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise.

VERSES XII., XIII.

WHAT reward shall I give unto the Lord, for all the benefits that he hath
done unto me? I will receive the cup of salvation; and call upon the
name of the Lord.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 O WHAT shall I say?
What recompence pay
To the Giver of all I possess?
I will gladly receive,
While he offers to give,
His unsearchable riches of grace.
- 2 I will call on his Name,
And with singing proclaim
The perfection of Jesus's love;
I will drink the full cup,
Till he beckons me up,
To enjoy his salvation above.

PSALM CXVII.

- 1 YE nations, who the globe divide,
Ye numerous nations scatter'd wide,
To God your grateful voices raise :
To all his boundless mercies shown,
His truth to endless ages known,
Require our endless love and praise.
- 2 To HIM who reigns enthroned on high ;
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and errors to remove ;
To that Bless'd Spirit who grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be ceaseless glory, praise, and love !

ANOTHER.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye ransom'd nations,
God of universal grace ;
Him, with joyful acclamations,
All ye sons of Adam, praise !
- 2 Jesus, mighty to deliver,
Bids you all his mercy prove ;
Jesu's truth endures for ever,
Praise him for his faithful love.

PSALM CXVIII.

PART I.

- 1 ALL glory to our gracious Lord !
His love be by his church adored,
His love eternally the same !

His love let Aaron's sons confess ;
His free and everlasting grace
Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.

- 2 In trouble on the Lord I cried,
And felt the pardoning word applied :
He answer'd me in peace and power ;
He pluck'd my soul out of the net,
In a large place of safety set,
And bade me go, and sin no more.
- 3 The Lord, I now can say, is mine ;
And, confident in Strength Divine,
Nor man, nor fiends, nor flesh I fear :
Jesus the Saviour takes my part,
And keeps the issues of my heart :
My Helper is for ever near.
- 4 Wherefore I soon my wish shall see
On all who hate and strive with me ;
My full redemption now draws nigh :
Mine enemies shall all be slain ;
And not one spot of sin remain,
Its relics shall for ever die.

PART II.

- 5 Better it is in God to trust,
In God the Good, the Strong, the Just,
Than a false, sinful child of man ;
Better in Jesus to confide,
Than every other prince beside,
Who offer all their helps in vain.

6 His all-sufficient help I found,
By hostile nations compass'd round,
And him my Saviour I proclaim :
Hell, earth, and sin subdued I see ;
I soon shall more than conqueror be,
And all destroy through Jesu's Name.

7 They kept me in on every side,—
Satan, the world, and lust, and pride,—
On every side they kept me in :
Yet, through the Name on which I call,
I surely shall destroy them all ;
The Lord shall make an end of sin.

8 Begirt with hosts of enemies,
Vexatious as thick-swarving bees ;
Quench'd as a blaze of thorns I see
Their fury's momentary flame ;
I all destroy through Jesu's Name,
And live from sin for ever free.

PART III.

9 O sin, my cruel bosom-foe !
Oft hast thou sought my soul to' o'erthrow,
And sorely thrust at me, in vain :
In my defence the Saviour stood,
Cover'd with his victorious blood,
And arm'd my sprinkled heart again.

10 Righteous I am in him, and strong ;
He is become my joyful song,
My Saviour and salvation too ;

I triumph through his mighty grace ;
And, pure in heart, shall see his face,
And rise in Christ a creature new.

- 11 The voice of joy, and love, and praise,
And thanks for his redeeming grace,
Among the justified is found :
With songs that rival those above,
With shouts proclaiming Jesu's love,
Both day and night their tents resound.

- 12 The Lord's right hand hath wonders wrought ;
Above the reach of human thought,
The Lord's right hand exalted is ;
We see it still stretch'd out to save,
The power of God in Christ we have,
And Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

PART IV.

- 13 I shall not die in sin, but live ;
To Christ, my Lord, the glory give,
His miracles of grace declare ;
When he the work of faith hath done,
When I have put his image on
And fruit unto perfection bear.

- 14 The Lord hath sorely chasten'd me,
And bruised for mine iniquity ;
Yet mercy would not give me up :
Caught from the jaws of second death,
Pluck'd out of the devourer's teeth,
He bids me now rejoice in hope.

15 Open the gates of righteousness ;
Receive me into Christ my Peace,
That I his praises may record ;
He is the Truth, the Life, the Way ;
The portal of eternal day,
The gate of heaven, is Christ my Lord.

16 Through him the just shall enter in,
Saved to the uttermost from sin :
Already saved from all its power :
The Lord my Righteousness I praise,
And calmly wait the perfect grace,
When, born of God, I sin no more.

PART V.

17 Jesus is lifted up on high ;
Whom man refused and doom'd to die,
He is become the corner-stone ;
Head of his church he lives and reigns,
His kingdom over all maintains,
High on his everlasting throne.

18 The Lord the' amazing work hath wrought,
Hath from the dead our Shepherd brought,
Revived on the third glorious day ;
This is the day our God hath made,
The day for sinners to be glad
In him, who bears their sins away.

19 Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise :
O send us now thy saving grace ;
Make this the acceptable hour ;

Our hearts would now receive thee in ;
Enter, and make an end of sin,
And bless us with the perfect power.

20 Bless us, that we may call thee blest ;
Sent down from heaven to give us rest,
Thy gracious Father to proclaim ;
His sinless nature to impart,
In every new, believing heart
To manifest his glorious Name.

21 God is the Lord that shows us light ;
Then let us render him his right,
The offering of a thankful mind :
Present our living sacrifice ;
And to his cross, in closest ties,
With cords of love our spirit bind.

22 Thou art my God, and thee I praise ;
Thou art my God, I sing thy grace,
And call mankind to' extol thy Name :
All glory to our gracious Lord !
His name be praised, his love adored,
Through all eternity the same !

VERSE XIII.

THOU hast thrust sore at me that I might fall ; but the Lord was my help.
—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

1 FULL oft thou hast my Helper been,
When sorely by the world assail'd,
By Satan and my bosom-sin,—
My goings, Lord, had well-nigh fail'd.

- 2 Thou hast, in honour of thy Name,
 Snatch'd me out of the lion's teeth,
 Pluck'd as a brand out of the flame,
 And saved my soul from endless death.

VERSE XVIII.

THE Lord hath chastened and corrected me; but he hath not given me
 over unto death.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 My merciful God Hath chasten'd his son,
 His fatherly rod I thankfully own.
 He hath not rejected, Or left me to die,
 But gently corrected, And laid the rod by.
- 2 O how shall I praise The Goodness Divine?
 My remnant of days To him I resign.
 My life to the Giver I gladly restore,
 And praise him for ever, When time is no more.

PSALM CXIX.

S ALEPH. PART I.

- 1 BLESSED are the pure in heart,
 Those who never disobey,
 Never from their Lord depart,
 Never leave his perfect way.
 From all sin entirely freed,
 Here they walk with God above;
 Born again, and saints indeed,
 Fully perfected in love.
- 2 Blessed are the creatures new,
 Who the law divine fulfil,
 God with all their powers pursue,
 Answer all his holy will.

They in thought shall sin no more,
They in all his righteous ways
Walk, beyond the tempter's power ;
To the utmost saved by grace.

3 Thou hast charged us, Lord, to' obey
All thy words with all our heart ;
From the rule we may not stray,
May not in our thoughts depart.
O might I through life be led
By the unction from above,
In thy every statute tread,
Keep the law by perfect love.

4 Then, and not before, shall I
Stand above the reach of shame ;
Sin and Satan's charge defy,
Free from every touch of blame.
When I thy commandments keep,
When I have respect to all,
Then my foot shall never slip,
'Then from thee I shall not fall.

5 Soon as I have learnt thy ways,
With a perfect heart and pure
Thee I shall for ever praise,
Faithful to the end endure.
Only keep me, Lord, till then ;
Do not from my weakness move
Till my soul is born again,
Strong in all the life of love !

I BETH. PART II.

- 1 How shall a weak, sinful youth
Find his conscience purified ?
Let him heed the voice of truth,
Let him in thy word abide.
There the Inward Guide shall meet,
Teach his sprinkled heart to' obey,
Back recall his starting feet,
Lead him in the perfect way.
- 2 All my heart hath sought thy face ;
Do not suffer me to rove
From thy own appointed ways,
From the precepts of thy love.
I have stood in constant awe,
Treasured up thy word within,
Lest I should transgress thy law,
Grieve thee by the smallest sin.
- 3 Source of happiness thou art ;
Me, even me, vouchsafe to bless ;
Wisdom in thy law impart ;
Teach me, Lord, thy righteous ways.
With my lips have I declared
All the words that came from thine :
Toil is *here* its own reward,
Happiness and duty join.
- 4 In the records of thy love
I have found a mine of joy ;
All my treasure is above,
While thy words my thoughts employ.

Still to search thy word of grace,
This my sweet employ shall be ;
Still to know thy pleasant ways ;
Still to love and walk in thee.

1 GIMEL. PART III.

- 1 THY unworthy servant, Lord,
With abundant grace receive ;
That I may fulfil thy word,
Bid me by thy mercy live.
Open thou mine inward eyes,
From the book the veil remove,
That I may discern the prize,
The high prize of perfect love.
- 2 Known on earth to none but thee,
Here a banish'd man I roam ;
Let me thy commandments see,
Show the light that guides me home.
All their deep design reveal,
All their inward power impart,
'Grave them with thy Spirit's seal
On the tables of my heart.
- 3 Faints my soul with strong desire
All thy counsels to fulfil ;
Only this I still require,—
Let me do thy perfect will.
Wretched and accursed are they,
Bruised by thy afflictive rod,
Who from thy commandments stray,
Proudly sin against their God.

4 Far from me, O Lord, remove
Foul reproach and guilty shame ;
I to keep thy law have strove,
I have suffer'd for thy Name.
Mighty men and princes sat,
Threatening, in the scorner's chair ;
All their haughty anger's weight
Meekly I rejoiced to bear.

5 Still I own'd thee for my Lord ;
Thee I fear'd, and thee alone ;
Musing in the written word,
In the power of God went on.
Strength, and counsel, and delight,
By the word I still receive ;
By the word I walk aright,
By the word for ever live.

7 DALETH. PART IV.

1 To the dust my spirit cleaves,
Quicken me, my Life, my Lord !
Thee, my humbled soul receives,
Trembling hangs upon thy word.
I have all my sin declared ;
Once thou didst my pardon seal ;
Show me now my prayer is heard,
Teach me now thy perfect will.

2 Teach me thy commands to do,
So shall I proclaim thy praise,
Joyfully to sinners show
All the wonders of thy grace.

Melts my soul, with guilt dismay'd,
Heavy laden and oppress'd ;
Send me, Lord, the promised aid,
Give the weary sinner rest.

3 Every evil word and way
Far from me, O God, remove !
Teach my willing heart to' obey
All the gracious law of love.
I have chose the better part,
The true way of life divine ;
Thou my only portion art ;
All thy pleasure shall be mine.

4 Lord, I unto thee have cleaved :
Put me not to endless shame,—
Me, who have thy truth received,
Me, who all thy promise claim !
Set my heart at liberty,
Swiftly then my soul shall move,
Run the way prescribed by thee,
All the way of perfect love.

7 HE. PART V.

1 TEACH me, Lord, the perfect way,
Me, who on thy love depend ;
Then I in thy laws shall stay,
I shall keep them to the end.
Wisdom from above impart ;
Taught according to thy will,
I shall then, with all my heart,
All thy kind commands fulfil.

- 2 Cause me in thy paths to go,—
All my comfort and delight ;
All my happiness below
Is—with thee to walk aright.
Set my heart on things above ;
Heaven-ward let it still aspire,
Far from every creature-love,
Far from every low desire.
- 3 Turn away my roving eyes
From beholding vanity ;
Let me in thine image rise,
Find my hidden life in thee.
O fulfil the hallowing word,
Perfected in filial fear ;
Make the servant as his Lord,
Holy, pure, and spotless here.
- 4 Turn away my dire disgrace,
Turn away the dreaded ill ;
True and righteous are thy ways,
Full of love unsearchable.
I have long'd thy ways to know ;
Quicken this dead soul of mine,
Wholly sanctified below,
Fill'd with all the life divine.

1 VAU. PART VI.

- 1 SHOW me thy salvation, Lord,
Visit me with pardoning grace ;
O be mindful of thy word,
Let the promise now take place ;

That to him who dares upbraid
Boldly I may make reply,
"I have God my refuge made,
Still I on thy word rely."

- 2 The good word of truth from me
Do not utterly remove :
I have long'd, thou know'st, to see,
See, and taste thy faithful love ;
I have long'd to do thy will ;
I (if thou vouchsafe the power)
All thy pleasure shall fulfil,
Keep thy law, and sin no more.
- 3 Following after righteousness,
I the blessing shall attain ;
Slavish fear and sin shall cease ;
I shall soon be born again ;
Walk in glorious liberty ;
Bold to kings thy truth proclaim,
Tell them, they may reign like me,
More than kings through Jesu's name.
- 4 Thee, O Lord, I will obey ;
Thee with vast delight pursue ;
Walking in thy pleasant way,
Glad thy dear commands to do ;
Lo ! for this I lift my hands,
With a solemn oath approve
All thy merciful commands,
All thy gracious law of love.
- 5 Still to search the sacred word
My delightful task shall be ;

Waiting here to meet my Lord
Fully manifest in me ;
Sweetly musing day and night
On the dear Redeemer's grace,
Till I gain that heavenly height,
Till I see thee face to face.

1 ZAIN. PART VII.

- 1 THEE, O Lord, the good, the just,
True and faithful, I receive ;
Keep thy word, in which I trust,
Thou who gavest me to believe ;
Hoping for thy promised aid,
Comfort in my grief I find ;
This my fainting mind hath stay'd,
Still it stays my fainting mind.
- 2 Me the proud have greatly scorn'd ;
Yet I still unshaken stood,
Never from thy statutes turn'd,
Never left the narrow road.
On thine ancient works I thought,
Look'd again the same to see ;
Thou of old hast wonders wrought,
Wonders thou shalt work for me.
- 3 Fearless of the scorers' power,
Fearful for their souls I was,
Saw hell open to devour
All who break thy righteous laws :
Lord, thy laws my songs have been
In my pilgrimage below,

Kept by them from woe and sin,
In a world of sin and woe.

- 4 Thee, I have remember'd, Lord,
Musing in the silent night,
Loved thy name, and kept thy word :
Pure and permanent delight
I did in thy precepts prove :
Heaven on earth obedience is,
Perfect liberty and love,
Perfect power, and perfect peace.

¶ CHETH. PART VIII.

- 1 THOU my portion art, O Lord !
Long-resolved through thee I am
To fulfil thine every word,
Give me but the help I claim :
All my heart hath sought thy face,
Still thy favour I implore ;
Grant me now the promised grace,
Bid me go and sin no more.
- 2 All my sins I call'd to mind,
Own'd, and left them all for God ;
Labour'd the right way to find,
Thee with earnest zeal pursued ;
Turn'd my feet without delay ;
Long'd thine utmost will to prove,
Eager all thy law to' obey,
Restless to retrieve thy love.
- 3 Spoil'd and hated for thy sake,
Thee I never would forego,

Would not from thy law turn back ;
O my Life, my Heaven below,
Thee I all day long will praise,
Thee I will at midnight sing !
True and righteous are thy ways,
Glory to my God and King !

- 4 Join'd to all who fear the Lord,
Them my dearest friends I own ;
Them that keep thy holy word,
Saved by grace through faith alone.
Earth is full of Love Divine ;
Love Divine for all is free ;
Teach me then the law benign ;
Guide, and save, and perfect me.

𐤔 TETH. PART IX.

- 1 LORD, thou hast thy word fulfill'd,
Good and gracious as thou art,
On my heart the promise seal'd,
Wrote forgiveness on my heart !
Teach me then thy perfect will,
I thine every word receive ;
All thy law in me fulfil ;
Lord, I dare, I dare believe.

- 2 Long I wander'd from my God
Till affliction call'd me back ;
Now I in thy paths have trod,
Them I will no more forsake.
Good thou art, and good thou dost,
Full of truth and full of grace ;

Save me, Lord, to the' uttermost,
Teach me all thy righteous ways.

3 Me the proud with lies pursued ;
I observed thy precepts still,
Waiting in the ways of God
To perform thine utmost will.
Gross and callous is their heart,
Nothing can their hardness move ;
But my whole delight thou art,
Thee and all thy laws I love.

4 Good it is for me to' have known
The sad lesson of distress,
That I might my Teacher own,
That I might my Saviour bless.
Taught by thine afflictive hand,
Now I know thy law to' obey ;
Now I clearly understand
Suffering is the perfect way.

5 Truth and grace unsearchable
In the sacred volume shine :
Who the worth immense can tell
Of that oracle divine ?
Precious are thy sayings, Lord !
What a depth in each I see !
What a treasure is thy word !
More than all the world to me !

' JOD. PART X.

1 THOU, O Lord, my Maker art ;
Mould and fashion thy own clay ;

Give me a wise and docile heart ;
Teach thy creature to obey.
Then the servants of my Lord
Me, with holy joy, shall see ;
Me, who hang upon thy word ;
Me, who only trust in thee.

2 Just and right are all thy ways,
By affliction taught, I know ;
Faithful to thy word of grace,
Thou hast laid my spirit low.
Lord, I in thy promise hope :
All thy mercy I implore ;
Let thy mercy lift me up,
Lift me up to fall no more.

3 Visit me in tender love,
For thy law is my delight ;
Fain I all thy life would prove,
Walk accepted in thy sight.
Put my haughty foes to shame ;
Men of hearts perverse are they ;
But I ever fear thy name,
Ever in thy statutes stay.

4 Those that have thy precepts known,
Those that fear and worship thee,
Turn and gather into one,
Join them to thyself and me.
Make my heart, like theirs, sincere,
That I may triumphant rise,
Bold before my Judge appear,
Claim my mansion in the skies.

CAPH. PART XI.

- 1 WEARY, faint, through long delay,
Waiting for thy saving love,
On thy word my soul I stay,
Trust thine utmost grace to prove :
Fail mine eyes with looking up,
Long thy promises to see ;
When, thou object of my love,
Wilt thou come and comfort me !
- 2 Shrivell'd and dried up am I ;
Yet thy law I do not leave ;
"Lord, how long," I ever cry,
"Shall thy helpless servant grieve ?
When shall all my griefs be past ?
When shall all my sins be o'er ?
Judge and slay my foes at last,
Make me more than conqueror."
- 3 Sinners have thy law broke through,
My unwary soul to' ensnare ;
Yet thy laws are good and true,
True their awful sanctions are :
Me, the persecuting foe
Is still ready to devour ;
Help me, Lord, my sins o'erthrow,
Save me from the tempter's power.
- 4 Here my soul had almost fail'd,
Sunk into the burning pit ;
But I still thy precepts held,
Would not thy commands forget.

Give me now thy life to feel,
Quicken this dead soul of mine,
So I shall thy law fulfil,
All thy law in Love Divine.

♪ LAMED. PART XII.

- 1 FAITHFUL, everlasting Lord,
Standard of all truth and good !
Thy invariable word
From eternity hath stood ;
To eternity it stands :
This fair universal frame,
'Stablish'd by almighty hands,
Speaks its great Creator's fame.
- 2 Such as thou didst first ordain,
Heaven and earth continue still ;
Still thy word doth all sustain,
All obey thy sovereign will.
Had I not with joy abode
In the word of truth and grace,
I had sunk beneath my load,
I had never seen thy face.
- 3 From the precepts of thy law
Never will I, Lord, depart ;
They have kept my soul in awe,
They have comforted my heart.
Save me, Lord, for I am thine ;
I have all thy precepts sought,
Long'd to keep the law divine,
Spotless both in word and thought.

4 Sinners have beset my way,
Sought my ruin to insure ;
But I in thy precepts stay,
Here I stand and walk secure.
All of excellence beside
Here I see its doom receives ;
But thy word shall still abide,
But thy word for ever lives.

▷ MEM. PART XIII.

- 1 How do I thy precepts love !
Musing on thy word all day,
Through the sacred leaves I rove ;
Here I could for ever stay.
Wiser than mine enemies
I through thy commandments am ;
Kept thereby in perfect peace,
All thy promises I claim.
- 2 More than all my teachers I,
Through thy testimonies, know ;
I to these my heart apply,
Let all other knowledge go.
Wiser than ungracious age
I, who in thy statutes tread,
Guided by the sacred page,
Virtue is the hoary head.
- 3 I from every evil way
Have refrain'd my wary feet,
That I might thy word obey,
Might to all thy will submit.

I have not thy paths forsook ;
Thou thyself hast been my guide,
Kept me by the sacred book,
Made me in thy word abide.

4 O what manna is thy word !
O what vast delight I meet !
When I taste my gracious Lord,
Honey is not half so sweet.
Heavenly wisdom here I gain,
Walking in thy word with thee,
Every evil way disdain ;
Thou art all in all to me.

] NUN. PART XIV.

1 LORD, thy word's unerring light
As a lamp my path doth show,
Guides my steady feet aright ;
Every one that doth shall know.
I have sworn to do thy will ;
Through thine all-sufficient grace,
I shall all my vows fulfil,
Shall fulfil all righteousness.

2 Troubled and distress'd I am ;
O be mindful of thy word !
Grant the promised help I claim,
Speak me now to life restored.
Thanks for all thy former grace
From a willing heart receive ;
Still instruct me in thy ways,
Bid me to thy glory live.

3 Lord, my life is in my hand,
Ever sinking into hell ;
Yet I in thy precepts stand,
In the paths of duty dwell.
Me the world hath sought to' ensnare,
Joining with my treacherous heart ;
Yet from thee I did not err,
Would not from thy statutes start.

4 I have thy commandments took
For my heritage below ;
From the volume of thy book
All my joys and comforts flow.
In obedience to thy will
I have long'd my life to spend,
All thy statutes to fulfil,
Serve and love thee to the end.

□ SAMECH. PART XV.

1 EVERY evil thought and vain,
Lord, thou know'st, I disapprove ;
Sin with all my heart disdain ;
Only thy pure law I love.
Thou my shield on every side,
Thou my sure asylum art ;
In thy promise I confide,
Will not from thy word depart.

2 Sinners, hence ! be far away,
Ye that evil paths pursue !
I will only God obey,
I will his commandments do.

Hold my feeble goings up ;
Lord, thy promise I receive,
I shall then obtain my hope,
Free from sin for ever live.

3 O support me with thy hand,
And I then shall walk secure,
Keep thy every kind command,
Faithful to the end endure !
All who from thy statutes stray
Thou, in wrath, hast trodden down ;
False, deceitful souls are they ;
They and wickedness are one.

4 Them thou dost as dross at last
From the face of earth remove :
Therefore will I hold thee fast,
Thee and thy commandments love.
Thee, with reverential fear,
Just and merciful I see,
Tremble at thy judgments near,
Triumph in thy grace to me.

Y AIN. PART XVI.

1 LORD, thou know'st my uprightness ;
I to all have justly done ;
Suffer not my foes to' oppress
One that hurts and injures none.
Answer for thy servant, thou ;
Let not haughty men devour ;
Save mine innocency now ;
Snatch me from the' oppressor's power.

- 2 Fail mine eyes with looking up
Thy salvation here to see ;
Still I for the promise hope ;
All the promise is for me.
With thy meanest servant, Lord,
Deal according to thy grace ;
O fulfil thy faithful word,
Teach me all thy righteous ways !
- 3 Only thee I serve below ;
Grant me wisdom from above,
That I may thy statutes know,
Know thee by obedient love.
Lord, 't is time to' apply thy hand :
Sinners cry, " It cannot be ;
God who gave the vain command,
Cannot keep it all in me."
- 4 Therefore will I love thee more ;
All thy dear commandments prize,
An inestimable store,
Good they are, and right, and wise ;
Practicable all through thee,
I shall find the perfect power ;
See them all fulfill'd in me,
Live renew'd, and sin no more.

☞ PE. PART XVII.

- 1 WONDERFUL thy statutes are ;
Therefore doth my soul regard,
Keep them with an awful care,
Find them here my great reward.

Soon as e'er thy word takes place,
Light it doth and wisdom give ;
Then the children learn thy ways,
Then the simple hearts believe.

2 Lord, I have with strong desire
Panted to obey thy will,
Give thee all thy laws require,
All thy gracious words fulfil.
I thy promised mercy claim ;
See me, with compassion see !
Join to those who love thy name,
Perfect all thy love in me !

3 Help me in thy steps to tread,
Let not sin dominion have,
Till thou make me free indeed,
Till thou to the utmost save.
Save me from the world and sin,
So will I thy precepts do,
When thy law is wrote within,
When I am a creature new.

4 Lord, I am and will be thine ;
Show me thy enlightening grace,
Cause on me thy face to shine,
Teach me all thy righteousness :
Teach the souls o'er whom I weep,
For whose sins mine eyes o'erflow ;
O that all thy law would keep !
O that all thy love would know !

‡ TZADDI. PART XVIII.

- 1 SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,
Thou art perfect righteousness ;
Pure is thine unerring word,
Upright are thy high decrees :
Righteous all thy statutes are ;
Thee "the merciful" they prove,
Thee "the faithful" they declare,
Full of truth, and full of love.
- 2 Swallow'd up with fervent zeal
My presumptuous foes I see,
Who against my God rebel,
Slight the law prescribed by thee.
Holy is thy word and right ;
Therefore doth my heart embrace,
Loves it with a pure delight,
Freely, joyfully obeys.
- 3 Small I am in mine own eyes,
Poor and despicably low ;
Yet I still thy precepts prize,
Will not from thy statutes go :
Truth and righteousness divine
Essence of thy precepts is ;—
Truth which shall through ages shine,
Everlasting righteousness.
- 4 Pain, and anguish, and affright
Oft my troubled soul assail ;
Yet thy law is my delight,
Stays when all my comforts fail :

Never can thy word remove ;
Thou the heavenly wisdom give ;
I shall then be saved by love,
Free from sin for ever live.

7 KOPH. PART XIX.

- 1 HEAR me, O my gracious Lord !
“ Help,” with all my heart I cried ;
“ Fix’d I am to keep thy word,
Save me, or my goings slide !
Save me,” still I cried to thee,
“ Save me from the tempter’s will ;
I shall then the promise see,
I shall all thy law fulfil.”
- 2 Thee, before the dawn of day,
Hath my eager soul pursued,
Cried, and waited in the way,
Hoped for my redeeming God.
To behold thy lovely face
Many a sleepless night I mourn,
Musing on the word of grace,
Watching for my Lord’s return.
- 3 Hear me, Lord, in tender love,
Good and gracious as thou art ;
All the death of sin remove,
Quicken this poor drooping heart.
They that hunt my soul draw nigh,
Full of mischievous design,
Bold thy threatenings to defy,
Tramplers on thy law divine.

4 But thou nearer art, O Lord !
True thy every precept is ;
Sure is the annex'd reward,
Sure the dreadful penalties.
Damn'd are they that disbelieve,
Thou hast fix'd the firm decree ;
Saved, whoe'er the truth receive,
Saved to all eternity !

7 RESH. PART XX.

- 1 SEE and save me in distress !
Lo ! on thee my soul I stay,
Looking for thy kind release,
Longing all thy law to' obey !
O my dear redeeming Lord,
Plead my cause with God above ;
Mindful of thy gracious word,
Quicken me by faith and love !
- 2 Strangers to thy saving grace,
They who cast thy laws behind,
Sinners will not seek thy face,—
Thee, while all who seek, may find.
But thy grace for all is free :
Lord, thy proffer I receive,
Show thy faithfulness on me,
Bid me by thy mercy live.
- 3 Sin, the world, and hell oppose
This weak, helpless soul of mine ;
Safe I walk through all my foes,
Do not from thy paths decline.

Sinners I with pity saw,
Grieved for their iniquity,
Wretches that transgress'd thy law,
Fled from happiness and thee.

- 4 How do I thy precepts love !
My desires to thee are known :
All thy life I long to prove ;
Save me by thy grace alone.
Lives the promise of thy grace,
Stood from the beginning sure,
Every word of righteousness
Shall from age to age endure.

W SCHIN. PART XXI.

- 1 PRINCES have, with cruel rage,
Causelessly my soul pursued ;
Resting on the sacred page,
I could only look to God.
Fill'd with reverential awe,
Still I in thy word confide ;
Fearing to transgress thy law,
Nothing can I fear beside.
- 2 Joyful at thy word, as one
That hath found a precious store,
There I search for bliss unknown,
Every other quest give o'er.
Hating all deceitful ways,
I thy law with joy approve,
Offer thee continual praise,
Bless thee for thy faithful love.

3 They that in thy law delight,
Kept in perfect peace below,
Stand unshaken, by thy might ;
Nothing shall their steps o'erthrow.
I have languish'd for thy grace,
Grace that makes salvation known ;
Kept me in thy righteous ways,
Gladly thy commandments done.

4 Every word enjoin'd by thee
Joyfully my soul approved,
With unfeign'd sincerity
All thy testimonies loved.
All my ways are in thy sight,
I on thee alone depend ;
Lord, direct my goings right,
Lead and save me to the end !

⌒ TAU. PART XXII.

1 LORD, regard my earnest cry,
Hear me from thy holy place ;
Give me the enlighten'd eye,
Guide me by thy promised grace !
O accept my humble prayer,
Bring the promised succours in ;
Save me from the fowler's snare,
Save me from the world and sin !

2 Me when thou hast taught thy way,
By the unction from above,
I thy glory shall display,
Show the wonders of thy love ;

Joyfully thy Name declare,
Never from thy praises cease ;
Righteous all thy judgments are,
True are all thy promises.

3 Reach me out thy helping hand ;
I have chose the better part,
Loved thine every kind command,
Long'd to keep them, from my heart.
I have thy salvation sought,
Happy could I do thy will,
Pure in deed, and word, and thought,
Could I all thy law fulfil.

4 Let me in thine image live,
Fully by thy word restore ;
Thee I then thine own shall give,
Love and praise thee evermore.
Fain I would thy statutes keep,
Spotless as my Master be ;
Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me all-complete in thee.

VERSE VIII.

O FORSAKE me not utterly !

1 THOU hast in part forsook,
And long withdrawn thy grace ;
But do not finally rebuke,
Or drive me from thy face.

2 Yet if thou must depart,
Through life the sinner leave,

O tell it to my dying heart,—
Thou dost *at last* forgive!

VERSE IX.

WHEREWITHAL shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by ruling himself after thy word.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 How in the slippery paths of youth,
Shall I preserve my conscience clean?
By listening to the voice of Truth,
The Truth who makes us free from sin.
- 2 Speak to my heart thy cleansing word;
Ruled by thy word I then shall be,
Follow the Spirit of my Lord,
And give my prime of life to thee.

VERSE XXXII.

I WILL run the way of thy commandments, when thou hast set my heart at liberty.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 LONG enthrall'd in low desires,
Stubborn, impotent, and vain,
Heaven-ward now my heart aspires,
Struggles now to burst its chain.
- 2 Set my heart at liberty,
Then my feet shall swiftly move
In the paths prescribed by thee,
Pleasant paths of perfect love.

ANOTHER.

My sinful, wretched heart set free
 From all its sin and misery ;
 The stone, the unbelief, remove,
 And make it free to pray and love ;
 Its rooted love of sin destroy ;
 Then shall I, Lord, with even joy
 The way of thy commandments run,
 Which leads directly to thy throne.

VERSE LXXI.

It is good for me that I have been in trouble.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

“OF blessings infinite,” I read,
 “The foremost—that my heart hath bled ;”^a
 And thank thee for a moment’s pain,
 Whose fruit shall evermore remain.
 How good for me the suffering given !
 ’T is grace, ’t is holiness, ’t is heaven !

VERSE LXXXI.

I HAVE a good hope because of thy word.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 THE hope of Christ, how good !
 I now its goodness feel.
 The virtue of his balmy blood
 Shall all my sickness heal.
- 2 His love shall cast out sin,
 My long-sought peace restore ;
 And Jesus then shall enter in,
 And never leave me more.

* YOUNG’S “Night Thoughts,” ix. 497.

VERSE XCVI.

I HAVE seen an end of all perfection : thy commandment is exceeding
broad.

I too the broad command have seen,
Enlighten'd, Lord, by thee ;
And may attain, through faith the mean,
That spotless charity.
Holy and just I may appear
Before I hence remove :
The end of all perfection here,
The law fulfill'd, is LOVE.

ANOTHER.

- 1 I SEE the' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one :
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.
- 2 O that, with all thy saints, I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love !

VERSE CXXI.

O GIVE me not over unto mine oppressors.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 GIVE me not up to Satan's power
In this, my evil day ;
Nor let the world or sin devour
Its unresisting prey.

2 Why should a soul redeem'd by thee
Be by thy foes opprest?
Jesus, proclaim the captive free,
And take me to thy breast!

VERSE CLXXVI.

I HAVE gone astray like a sheep that is lost. O seek thy servant.—
Prayer-Book Translation.

AM not I the 'wilder'd sheep?
Seek me, O thou Shepherd good!
Find, and for thy service keep,
The dear purchase of thy blood.
Lost again if thou depart,
Hide me, Saviour, in thy heart.

PSALM CXX.

- 1 To God in trouble I applied,
And he redress'd my wrong:
"Save me from lying lips," I cried,
"And a deceitful tongue."
- 2 Thou man of double tongue and heart!
Expect thy fearful hire!
The mighty God his wrath shall dart,
And set thy soul on fire.
- 3 But woe is me! constrain'd to dwell
With human savages!
Their tongues are set on fire of hell,
They hate the thoughts of peace.

- 4 They dare the anger of the skies,
Evil return for good ;
And, when I speak of peace, they rise
And vow to drink my blood.

PSALM CXXI.

- 1 To the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills ;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies
My soul the Spirit feels.
Will he not his help afford ?
Help, while yet I ask is given :
God comes down ; the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful souls, pray always ; pray,
And still in God confide :
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide :
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;
He thy quiet spirit keeps,
Rest in him, securely rest ;
Thy watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy Keeper can surprise ;
Careless slumber cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes :
He is Israel's sure defence ;
Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

- 4 See the Lord thy Keeper stand
Omnipotently near :
Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear ;
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms ;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.
- 5 Thee in evil's scorching day
The sun shall never smite ;
Thee the moon's malignest ray
Shall never blast by night.
Safe from known or secret foes,
Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
God, when flesh, earth, hell oppose,
Shall keep thee safe from all.
- 6 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in ;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin ;
Like thy spotless Master thou,
Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth and evermore.

VERSE VII.

YEA, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 Not in my watchfulness or care
For safety I confide ;
But Jesus in his arms doth bear,
And lead me by his side.

- 2 Who never slumbers, never sleeps,
My constant guard I have :
And trust him, who this moment keeps,
Eternally to save.

PSALM CXXII.

- 1 O how overjoy'd was I,
When the solemn hour drew nigh !
Summon'd to the house of prayer,
Flew my soul to worship there.
- 2 "Come," my cheerful brethren said,
"Let us go with holy speed ;
Let us haste with one accord
To the temple of our Lord :
- 3 "Running at his kind command,
There our ready feet shall stand,
Still within the sacred gate
Will we for his mercy wait ;
- 4 "Love the channels of his grace,
Reverence the hallow'd place,
Where our Lord records his name ;
Stay we in Jerusalem."
- 5 God hath built his church below,
Labour'd all his art to show ;
Each with each the parts agree,
Framed in perfect symmetry.
- 6 There the chosen tribes go up,
Testify their gospel-hope,

Praise and bless the' Incarnate Word,
Shout the name of Christ their Lord !

7 There are Aaron's mitred sons,
There the apostolic thrones ;
Moses' legislative chair,
God's great hierarchy is there.

8 Pray, my friends, and never cease,
Wrestle on for Sion's peace :
Make her still your pious care,
On your hearts for ever bear.

9 Hail the venerable name,
Lovely, dear Jerusalem !
Thee who bless shall blessed be,
Prosper for their love to thee.

10 Dwell within thy ramparts peace,
Plenty deck thy palaces ;
Jesus send thee from above
All the treasures of his love !

11 For my friends' and brethren's sake,
Thee my dearest charge I make ;
England's desolate church be mine !
Sion, all my soul be thine !

12 O thou temple of my God,
For thy sake I spend my blood,
Longing here thy rise to see,
Glad to live and die for thee.

VERSE VI.

O PRAY for the peace of Jerusalem !

- 1 WITH all my heart, O Lord, I pray
For our Jerusalem ;
The promise—*with thy church to stay*—
In her behalf I claim.
- 2 Fulness of gifts, and graces shower,
And bless her from above
With perfect peace, and glorious power,
And everlasting love.

VERSE VI.

THEY shall prosper that love thee.

- 1 DEARER than life, thou know'st I love
Thy church establish'd here ;
Happy in age, in death, to prove
Her prosperous messenger :
- 2 Still happier, after death might I
Her glorious blessings share,
And meet her children in the sky,
And meet her Husband there.

VERSE VII.

PEACE be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces.—
Prayer-Book Translation.

PEACE within all her walls be found,
And let thy Spirit's fruits abound !

Thy grace to England's church be given,
The manna that comes down from heaven !
Thy glory in her temples shine,
And make them palaces divine !

VERSE VIII.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will wish thee prosperity.—

Prayer-Book Translation.

- 1 Not for a favourite form or name,
But for dear precious souls, I care ;
Bless, Saviour, our Jerusalem,
That millions may her blessings share !
- 2 Prosper our church ; the living few
Employ their brethren dead to raise,
To quicken sister churches too,
And spread throughout the earth thy praise.

PSALM CXXIII.

- 1 O THOU that on thine heavenly throne
Dost undisturb'd for ever reign !
To thee a worm of earth I groan,
To thee I lift my eyes in pain ;
And weary of my burden pray
Thy love to take this curse away.
- 2 As servants whom their lords chastise
Beneath the scourge impatient stand,
So on the Lord we turn our eyes,
And wait till mercy stops his hand ;
Till all his grievous plagues remove,
And angry justice yields to love.

3 Have mercy, Lord ! the world restrain ;
The wicked is a scourge of thine.
Crush'd by the pride of carnal man,
Dire instrument of wrath divine,
Our soul in helpless misery lies,
And only thou canst bid us rise.

4 Contemn'd and hated for thy cause,
Thy only favour we implore ;
Strengthen us to endure the cross
Till all their tyranny is o'er,
Till Christ with our reward come down,
And every sufferer takes his crown.

PSALM CXXIV.

- 1 HAD not the Lord for Israel stood
When men and fiends against us rose,
Stretch'd out his hand, and stemm'd the flood,
And stopp'd the fury of our foes,
Our foes had swallow'd up their prey,
And torn our shield and souls away.
- 2 Had not the Lord, we now may cry,
Appear'd his people to sustain ;
The threatening floods, that dash'd the sky,
Had whirl'd us down to hell again ;
O'erwhelm'd us in the gulf beneath,
And plunged our souls in endless death.
- 3 But God hath quell'd their angry pride,
And kept us in our evil hour :
His Name be bless'd and glorified !
He hath not left us to their power ;

His word restrain'd their lawless will,
And bade the raging sea be still.

- 4 He pluck'd the prey out of their teeth ;
Our souls have 'scaped the fowler's snare,
Broke through the toils of sin and death ;
And lo ! our Helper we declare,
The Lord of heaven and earth proclaim,
And bless the' Almighty Jesu's Name.

PSALM CXXV.

- 1 Who in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God :
Steadfast, and fix'd, and sure,
His Sion cannot move ;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.
- 2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies :
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares ;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.
- 3 For, lo ! the reign of hell
And hellish men is o'er ;
They can persuade, they can compel,
The just to sin no more :

To devils, men, or sin,
They need no more give place,
Nor ever touch the thing unclean
When cleansed by pardoning grace.

4 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified
And perfectly restored.
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend,
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

5 Who to their sins draw back,
And love again to stray,
The narrow path of life forsake,
And throng the spacious way,
Back to their vomit turn,
And fall from pardoning grace ;
The Lord to punish them hath sworn,
And drive them from his face.

6 But peace, and power, and love
Shall Israel's portion be ;
They all his promises shall prove,
And all his goodness see ;
Holy and pure in heart
Obtain the perfect power :
They can no more from God depart
When they can sin no more.

PSALM CXXVI.

- 1 WHEN our redeeming Lord
 Pronounced the pardoning word,
Turn'd our soul's captivity,
 O what sweet surprise we found !
Wonder ask'd, " And can it be ? "
 Scarce believed the welcome sound.
- 2 " And is it not a dream ?
 And are we saved through him ? "
" Yes," our bounding heart replied ;
 " Yes," broke out our tuneful tongue,
" Freely we are justified ;
 This the new, the gospel-song ! "
- 3 The Heathen, too, could see
 Our glorious liberty :
All our foes were forced to own,
 " God for them hath wonders wrought : "
Wonders he for us hath done,
 From the house of bondage brought.
- 4 To us our gracious God
 His pardoning love hath show'd ;
Now our joyful souls are free
 From the guilt and power of sin ;
Greater things we soon shall see,
 We shall soon be pure within.
- 5 Turn us again, O Lord,
 Pronounce the second word !

Loose our hearts, and let us go
Down the Spirit's fullest flood,
Freely to the Fountain flow,
All be swallow'd up in God.

6 Who for thy coming wait,
And wail their lost estate,
Poor, and sad, and empty still,
Who for full redemption weep,
They shall thy appearing feel,
Sow in tears, in joy to reap.

7 Who seed immortal bears,
And wets his path with tears,
Doubtless he shall soon return,
Bring his sheaves with vast increase,
Fully of the Spirit born,
Perfected in holiness !

VERSE IV.

TURN our captivity, O Lord !—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

1 JESUS, the power belongs to thee,
And thee alone I pray
To turn my long captivity,
To take my sin away.

2 That liberty from self and pride
I only live to prove ;
And nothing ask or want beside
Thy dear redeeming love.

PSALM CXXVII.

- 1 EXCEPT the house Jehovah raise,
Fruitless is all the builder's care ;
Except Jehovah guard the place,
In vain the watch is station'd there :
Nothing without his hand is done ;
To make and keep are God's alone.
- 2 In vain your labour ye repeat
From earliest dawn to latest night,
The bread of care and sorrow eat ;
'T is God who grants the true delight,
And gives his people food and rest,
And makes them in his blessing blest.
- 3 His blessing makes the mother bear ;
The issue of the womb is his ;
The gift of God your children are ;
He bids your little ones increase :
Receive them as your faith's reward,
Their heavenly Father is the Lord.
- 4 As arrows in the giant's hand,
Fly the bold youths to your defence ;
Or in the gate your champions stand
And drive the furious battle thence :
Happy the man who gladly owns
His guardians were his pious sons !
- 5 Happy the man who always sees
The Source from whence his blessings flow,
His life, his safety, and his peace,
His every comfort here below ;

Who takes them as by Heaven bestow'd,
And looks through all his gifts to God.

VERSE I.

EXCEPT the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.—
Prayer-Book Translation.

- 1 To build *this* house, O Lord, display
Thy special presence here,
And now the right foundation lay
In humble faith and fear !
- 2 A measure of thy Spirit's grace
Be now on each bestow'd,
That each may heavenward turn his face,
And lift his heart to God.
- 3 We lift our heart to God, in thee
Appeased and pacified ;
O might we all accepted be,
And feel the blood applied !
- 4 Part of thy family below
This moment let us prove ;
Into young men and fathers grow,
And rise to perfect love !

PSALM CXXVIII.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man that fears the Lord,
And walks in all his ways ;
An earnest of his great reward
On earth his Master pays.
- 2 Thou shalt not spend thy strength in vain
For perishable food ;

Thy Father shall his own sustain,
And fill thy soul with good.

3 Happy in him thy soul shall be,
And on his fulness feed ;
Jesus, who came from heaven for thee,
Shall be thy living bread.

4 Thy wife shall as the fruitful vine
Her blooming offspring show ;
Thy children shall be God's, not thine,
His pleasant plants below :

5 Around thy plenteous table spread
Like olive-branches fair,
Heavenward they in thy steps shall tread,
And meet their parents there.

6 Thus shall the man be bless'd who owns
His Maker for his Lord :
Or doubly bless'd with better sons
Begotten by his word.

7 The children of thy faith and prayer
Thy joyful eyes shall see ;
Shall see the prosperous church, and share
In her prosperity.

8 Sion again shall lift her head,
And flourish all thy days ;
Thy soul shall see the faithful seed,
And bless the rising race.

9 Fill'd with abiding Peace Divine,
With Israel's blessing blest,

Thou then the church above shalt join,
And gain the heavenly rest.

PSALM CXXIX.

- 1 MANY a time, may Israel say,
My foes have furiously assail'd,
And vex'd me from my natal day,
But never, never yet prevail'd ;
Nor could the gates of hell o'erthrow
The church on Jesus built below.
- 2 The plougher's plough'd upon my back
Till all my body was one wound,
Nor could they the foundation shake ;
A seed, a remnant, still was found,
Preserved by their Almighty Lord,
Kept by his everlasting word.
- 3 The Lord, the righteous Lord and true,
Turn'd our captivity again,
The cords of wickedness broke through,
And burst the dire oppressors' chain :
And still who Sion hate shall fly,
And stumble, and for ever die.
- 4 As grass on the house-top decays,
Nor ever fills the mower's breast,
But withers in a moment's space,
And perishes unreap'd, unblest ;
So shall the foes of Sion fade,
And vanish as a fleeting shade.

VERSE VI.

LET them be even as grass growing upon the house-tops.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

THEY *are*—as wither'd grass they *are*—
Who hate the church by thee beloved :
But spare, our envious brethren spare,
And speak their barren curse removed,
Partakers of our blessings make,
And save us all for Jesu's sake.

PSALM CXXX.

- 1 Out of the depth of self-despair
To thee, O Lord, I cry ;
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.
- 2 Death's sentence in myself I feel,
Beneath thy wrath I faint ;
O let thine ear consider well
The voice of my complaint !
- 3 If thou art righteously severe,
Who may the test abide ?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified ?
- 4 But O ! forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

- 5 I look to see his lovely face,
I wait to meet my LORD ;
My longing soul expects his grace,
And rests upon his word.
- 6 My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray ;
O that his mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel-day !
- 7 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with him remains,
Plenteous redemption in his blood
To wash out all your stains.
- 8 His Israël himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem :
The Lord our righteousness is near,
And we are just in him.

VERSE III.

IF thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who
may abide it ?—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

I MAY abide it, I
Who on that Cross rely !
Jesus died, and I am clear :
Justice, rigorously extreme,
Mark'd the sins I cannot fear,
Punish'd all my sins in him.

VERSE VIII.

HE shall redeem Israel from all his sins.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true,
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean ;
An end of all my trouble, make,
An end of all my sin.

PSALM CXXXI.

- 1 LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that thee I know,
Nothing shall I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both my heart and eye.
- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Awed into a little child,
Quiet now without my food,
Wean'd from every creature-good.
- 4 Hangs my new-born soul on thee,
Kept from all idolatry,
Nothing wants beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy love !

5 O that all might seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd !
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore !

PSALM CXXXII.

- 1 REMEMBER, Lord, the pious zeal
Of every soul that cleaves to thee,
The troubles for thy sake they feel,
Their eager hopes thy house to see ;
Their vows to cry, and never rest,
Till thou art in thy church adored,
And dwell'st in every faithful breast,
And count'st them worthy of their Lord.
- 2 We too the joyful sound have heard,—
That God is coming to his place,
Here in the wilderness prepared ;
Our Lord his ruin'd church shall raise :
For this our willing soul shall go,
And lowly at his footstool lie,
Where'er his tent is pitch'd below,
And for a glorious temple cry.
- 3 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
Thou, and thy ark of perfect power !
God over all, for ever blest,
Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore !
Thy priests be clothed with righteousness,
Thy praise their happy lives employ,
The saints in thee their all possess,
And shout the sons of God for joy !
- ✽

- 4 O for thy Love, thy Jesu's sake,
Us, thine anointed ones, receive,
In the Beloved accepted make,
And bid us to thy glory live.
The Lord hath sworn in righteousness,
And seal'd the covenant with his Son,
"I will thy faithful seed increase,
And 'stablish them on David's throne.
- 5 "If in ~~my~~ word thy children stay,
And in their Saviour's footsteps tread,
The glorious gospel-truth obey,
The truth shall make them free indeed ;
Renew'd and sanctified by grace,
The pillars shall no more remove,
A holy, chosen, perfect race,
Enthroned in everlasting love."
- 6 For lo! the Lord a seed hath chose
His grace and glory to display,
His own peculiar people those
Whoe'er the gospel-call obey.
"Sion," he saith, "my rest shall be,
The faithful shall my presence feel ;
I long for all who long for me,
And will in them for ever dwell.
- 7 "I will increase their gracious store,
My Sion every moment feed,
And satisfy the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread ;
With garments of salvation deck
Her priests, and clothe with robes of praise ;

Her saints their joy aloud shall speak,
And shout my all-sufficient grace.

- 8 " There shall the horn of David bud,
There I have set the lamp divine ;
The wisdom and the power of God
In mine anointed Son shall shine :
Messias on my throne shall sit
Supreme till all his foes are slain ;
Till death expires beneath his feet
The sinner's Advocate shall reign."

PSALM CXXXIII.

- 1 BEHOLD how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace !
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness,
When brethren all in one agree !
Who knows the joys of unity ?
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,
(True followers of the Lamb,)
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same,
And all in love together dwell,
The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove ;
This is the gospel-grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head.

- 4 Where unity is found,
 The sweet anointing grace
 Extends to all around,
 And consecrates the place ;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 For us the gift received ;
 For us and all the rest,
 Who have in him believed ;
Forth from our Head the blessing goes,
And all his seamless coat o'erflows.
- 6 On all his chosen ones
 The precious oil comes down :
 It runs, and as it runs,
 It ever will run on,
Even to his skirts—the meanest name
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.
- 7 From Aaron's beard it rolls,
 (Those nearest to his face,)
 The humble, trembling souls
 Who feebly sue for grace :
I know the grace for all is free,
For, lo ! it reaches now to me.
- 8 Grace every morning new,
 And every night, we feel,
 The soft refreshing dew
 That falls from Hermon's hill :
On Sion it doth sweetly fall ;
The grace of one descends on all.

- 9 Even now our Lord doth pour
The blessing from above,
A kindly, gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love,
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.
- 10 In him when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless,
His chiefest graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.
- 11 The riches of his grace
In fellowship are given,
To Sion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven ;
He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

PSALM CXXXIV.

- 1 YE servants of God, Whose diligent care
Is ever employ'd In watching and prayer,
With praises unceasing Your Jesus proclaim,
Rejoicing and blessing His excellent Name.
- 2 'Tis Jesus commands, Come all to his house,
And lift up your hands, And pay him your vows ;
And while you are giving Your Maker his due,
The Lord out of heaven Shall sanctify you.

PSALM CXXXVI.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.
- 5 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd !
Let all his saints, with full accord,
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord !

VERSE I.

THE Lord is good : his mercy endureth for ever.

- 1 FULL of unutterable grace,
Jesus mine eye of faith surveys !

Jesus, whate'er thou art is mine,
Fountain of excellence Divine !
All goodness is comprised in thee,
Good in thyself, and good to me !

- 2 Thy nature doth itself impart
To every humble, longing heart ;
And all that after thee aspire
Shall gain with thee their whole desire,
United to their Source above,
Lost in a boundless sea of love !

PSALM CXXXVII.

- 1 Fast by the Babylonish tide,
(The tide our sorrows made o'erflow,)
We dropp'd our weary limbs, and cried,
In deep distress at Sion's woe ;
Her we bewail'd in speechless groans,
In bondage with her captive sons.
- 2 Our harps, no longer vocal now,
We cast aside untuned, unstrung,
Forgot them pendant on the bough :
Let meaner sorrows find a tongue !
Silent we sat, and scorn'd relief,
In all the majesty of grief.
- 3 In vain our haughty lords required
A song of Sion's sacred strain :—
"Sing us a song your God inspired."
How shall our souls exult in pain ?
How shall the mournful exiles sing,
While bond-slaves to a foreign king ?

-
- 4 Jerusalem, dear hallow'd name,
Thee if I ever less desire,
If less distress'd for thee I am,
Let my right hand forget its lyre,
All its harmonious strains forego,
When heedless of a mother's woe !
- 5 O England's desolate church ! if thee,
Though desolate, I remember not,
Let me, so lost to piety,
Be lost myself, and clean forgot !
Cleave to the roof my speechless tongue,
When Sion is not all my song !
- 6 Let life itself with language fail,
For thee when I forbear to mourn :
Nay, but I will for ever wail,
Till God thy captive state shall turn ;
Let this my every breath employ,
To grieve for thee be all my joy !
- 7 O for the weeping prophet's strains,
The depth of sympathetic woe !
I live to gather thy remains,
For thee my tears and blood shall flow ;
My heart amidst the ruin lies,
And only in thy rise I rise !
- 8 Remember, Lord, the cruel pride
Of Edom in our evil day :
"Down with it to the ground !" they cried,
"Let none the tottering ruin stay !
Let none the sinking church restore,
But let it fall to rise no more !"

- 9 Surely our God shall vengeance take
On those that gloried in our fall ;
He a full end of sin shall make,
Of all that held our souls in thrall.
O Babylon, thy day shall come ;
Prepare to meet thy final doom !
- 10 Happy the man that sees in thee
The mystic Babylon within ;
And, fill'd with holy cruelty,
Disdains to spare the smallest sin,
But sternly takes thy little ones,
And dashes all against the stones.
- 11 Thou in thy turn shalt be brought low,
Thy kingdom shall not always last ;
The Lord shall all thy power o'erthrow,
And lay the mighty waster waste ;
Destroy thy being with thy power,
And pride and self shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

- 1 ALL thanks and all praise To thee will I give,
O Lord, by whose grace Accepted I live ;
My heart shall adore thee, My mouth shall show forth
Thine honour and glory To gods of the earth.
- 2 Thy mercy, and love, And truth I proclaim ;
With angels above, I hallow thy Name ;
And turning me toward The holiest place,
Thee, Father, adored, In Jesus I praise.

- 3 For thou hast reveal'd Thy nature unknown,
Thy promise fulfill'd In Jesus thy Son ;
Exalted the Saviour And Friend of mankind,
That all in his favour Thy mercy may find.
- 4 When burden'd I cried For pardon to thee,
Thy mercy replied, And bade me be free :
Thy Spirit that hour Came down from above,
And clothed me with power, And fill'd me with love.
- 5 The kings of the earth Thee, Jesus, shall praise,
And trust in thy worth, And honour thy grace !
Shall gladly adore thee, Whose sayings they hear,
And sing to thy glory, And walk in thy fear.
- 6 For Jesus the Lord, Though lofty and high,
By angels adored, Looks down from the sky :
Who hates the unholy, And scatters the proud,
He lifts up the lowly, And brings them to God.
- 7 Although in distress, I labour and strive ;
Thy comfort and peace My soul shall revive ;
Thine arm shall relieve me From all that oppose,
Thy power—it shall save me, And baffle my foes.
- 8 Thy mighty right hand Their fury shall tame,
And cause me to stand Through faith in thy Name ;
It still shall deliver Whom now it secures ;
Thy mercy for ever And ever endures.
- 9 The Lord will make good His kindness to me,
Till, wholly renew'd, His glory I see,
My End and Beginning Shall fully restore,
And save me from sinning Till sin is no more.

VERSE VIII.

THE Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.

Lo ! I in simplicity
Receive thy gracious word ;
What it means I leave to thee,
My sanctifying Lord.
I shall know at that glad day
When, born of God, I sin no more,
Ceaseless in thy Spirit pray,
And in thy truth adore.

PSALM CXXXIX.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down :
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st what 't is my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand :
O skill for human reach too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye ! *
- 4 O, could I so perfidious be
To think of once deserting thee !

* Several of these lines are taken from Dr. Watts's version.

Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
Or whither from thy presence run ?

5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'T is there thou dwell'st enthroned in light :
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'T is there almighty vengeance reigns.

6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main ;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

7 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night ;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Through midnight shades thou find'st the way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and every vital part ;
Each single thread in nature's loom
By thee was cover'd in the womb.

10 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame ;
The wonders thou in me hast shown
My soul with grateful joy shall own.

11 Thine eye my substance did survey
While yet a lifeless mass it lay ;

In secret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark enclosure brought !

12 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,
Its parts were register'd by thee ;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

13 Let me acknowledge, too, O God,
That, since the maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

14 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart,
If evil lurk in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

VERSES VII.—XII.

1 WHITHER shall a creature run,
From Jehovah's Spirit fly ?
How Jehovah's presence shun,
Screen'd from his all-seeing eye ?
Holy Ghost, before thy face
Where shall I myself conceal ?
Thou art God in every place,
God incomprehensible.

2 If to heaven I take my flight,
With beatitude unknown
Filling all the realms of light,
There thou sittest on thy throne !
If to hell I could retire,
Gloomy pit of endless pains,

There is the consuming fire,
There almighty vengeance reigns.

3 If the morning's wings I gain,
Fly to earth's remotest bound,
Could I hid from thee remain,
In a world of waters drown'd?
Leaving lands and seas behind,
Could I the Omniscient leave?
There thy quicker hand would find,
There arrest, the fugitive.

4 Cover'd by the darkest shade,
Should I hope to lurk unknown;
By a sudden light bewray'd,
By an uncreated sun,
Naked at the noon of night
Should I not to thee appear?
Forced to' acknowledge in thy sight,
God is light, and God is here!

PSALM CXL.

1 SAVE me, Lord, from all my foes;
Men of lawless might are they,
Sworn my helpless soul to oppose,
Turn out of the narrow way;
Serpent-like their tongues they dart,
Speak the poison of their heart.

2 Keep me from the hands of men;
Make me thy continual care;

Render all their counsels vain,
Show me every secret snare
Spread to catch my soul ; and set
Firm upon the Rock my feet.

3 Oft I to the Lord have said,
“Thee my Saviour-God I own ;
Hear and hasten to my aid,
Make thy mighty mercies known ;
Strength of my salvation come,
Seal the adversary's doom !

4 “In the dreadful day of fight,
Thou hast screen'd me heretofore ;
Still protect me with thy might,
Save me from the tempter's power,
All thy strength for me employ,
Satan and his works destroy !”

5 Sure I am, divinely sure,
Help I have not ask'd in vain ;
God shall vindicate the poor,
God shall still my cause maintain ;
On the Lord I dare rely,
Poor, and weak, and helpless I !

6 Yes : the justified shall give
Thanks and praises to thy Name ;
Still before thee walk and live,
All thy faithfulness proclaim,
Till they gain the mountain's height,
Number'd with the saints in light.

PSALM CXLI.

VERSE IV.

O LET not mine heart be inclined to any evil thing.

WHAT cannot the Almighty do ?

When, by the greatness of thy power,
My heart, O Lord, thou dost renew,

My heart shall yield to sin no more,
Shall never more to sin incline,
For ever fill'd with Love Divine !

VERSE VIII.

IN thee is my trust : O cast not out my soul.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

MY God, forsake me not at last !

Nor into utter darkness cast

A soul that gasps for thee !

When I my punishment have borne,

I humbly trust thou wilt return,

Thou wilt remember me.

PSALM CXLII.

1 I SOUGHT the Lord in grief, in pain,
And cried for help, and cried again,

To him my trouble show'd ;

I pour'd out all my sad complaint ;

Weary of sin, and sick, and faint,

My spirit gasp'd for God.

2 Even then my path to thee was known,
When dark I walk'd, oppress'd, alone,

With snares and deaths beset ;
I threw my mournful eyes around,
But no kind friend or helper found,
To stay my sinking feet.

3 In late despair of human aid,
I cried unto the Lord, and said,
“ O Saviour, pity me !
Thou, only thou, hast power to save ;
My portion and defence I have,
My life, my all, in thee !

4 “ O lift me up by sin brought low ;
Redeem me from my stronger foe,
From all the’ oppressor’s power ;
Stronger thou seest my sins than me ;
But speak the word that sets me free,
And I shall sin no more.

5 “ My soul out of the dungeon bring,
That I thy conquering Name may sing,
Thy saving grace proclaim ;
That all thy saints may praise thy power,
Thine all-sufficient grace adore,
Thine all-redeeming Name !”

PSALM CXLIII.

1 O LORD, in pitying love give ear !
My mournful supplications hear,
For thy own promise’ sake ;
O’erwhelm’d with sin and misery,
Weary and faint I come to thee,
And proffer’d mercy take.

- 2 If thou should'st as my Judge appear,
I could not bear the test severe :
Not one of all our race
Can stand acquitted in thy sight,
Or claim acceptance as his right,
Or dare demand thy grace.
- 3 A sinner self-condemn'd I am,
And groan beneath my load of shame ;
My soul-destroying foe
Hath smote and cast me to the ground,
In chains of massy darkness bound
As those who howl below.
- 4 My spirit faints by grief oppress'd,
And droops my heart, and breaks for rest ;
Yet do I call to mind
Thy wonders wrought in ancient days ;
I muse on all thy works of grace,
And pity for mankind.
- 5 See, Lord, a dying sinner see !
I still stretch out my hands to thee,
Unwash'd and unrenew'd ;
As thirsts a barren land for showers,
My weary soul with all its powers
Gasps for the living God !
- 6 Haste to my help, thy blood apply !
My spirit fails, I faint, I die,
If still thou hidest thy face ;
I fall and perish at thy feet,
I sink into the burning pit,
If thou withhold thy grace.

- 7 O God, in whom I trust, appear !
Give me thy pardoning voice to hear,
Thy saving health to see ;
The glorious gospel-light display,
And lead into the perfect way
A soul that looks to thee.
- 8 For refuge, Lord, to thee I fly !
On thee alone for help rely,
For pardon, peace, and power.
From all my foes and sins release,
And teach me thus my Lord to please,
And bid me sin no more.
- 9 O reach me out thy Spirit's hand !
Into that good and pleasant land
Of holy quiet lead ;
Quicken me, for thy mercy's sake :
From sin and Satan's dungeon take,
And make me free indeed.
- 10 In mercy take these sins away,
And all my foes for ever slay,
That now my soul oppress !
Receive me, Saviour, for thine own,
And let me serve the Lord alone,
The Lord my Righteousness.

VERSE VIII.

IN thee is my trust.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

- 1 I TRUST in thee :—*for what ?*
To be redeem'd from sin,

From every wrinkle, every spot
Of self and pride within.

- 2 Jesus, I trust in thee,
That, when my work is done,
The servant with his Lord shall be,
A sharer of thy throne.

VERSE X.

LET thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness.—

Prayer-Book Translation.

- 1 JESUS, thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free,
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty !
- 2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in ;
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect righteousness.

PSALM CXLIV.

VERSE IX.

I WILL sing a new song unto thee, O God.

- 1 GLORY and thanks to him belongs,
Who left his throne above ;
The new, the gospel song of songs
Is due to Jesu's love.
- 2 Join all on earth in Jesu's praise,
And then to heaven repair,
To vie with the angelic race,
Or mend their anthems there.

VERSE X.

It is he who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

- 1 JESUS, the man's defender be
For whom I humbly pray ;
Cover the head so dear to me
In battle's dangerous day ;
- 2 When thousands fall on either hand,
Deliver from the sword,
And strengthen him by faith to stand
The soldier of the Lord.

VERSE XV.

BLESSED are the people who have the Lord for their God.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

JESUS, thou art my Lord, my God,
And happy in thy love I am :
The bliss thou hast on me bestow'd
Remains in life and death the same ;
Thy love to all thy people given
Is present and eternal heaven.

PSALM CXLV.

VERSE IX.

HIS mercy is over all his works.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

THE meanest, then, may mercy claim :
I bring no other plea ;
The meanest of thy works I am,
And mercy find in thee.

PSALM CXLVI.

- 1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,
The Lord thy God delight to praise :
His gifts I will for him improve,
To him devote my happy days :
To him my thanks and praises give,
And only for his glory live.
- 2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
My every pulse shall beat for him ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
My spirit shall resume the theme ;
The gracious theme, for ever new,
Through all eternity pursue.
- 3 Trust in the Lord, ye saints of his !
All human confidence is vain ;
Cease ye from man, for ever cease !
No help is found in faithless man ;
The great ones of the earth look through,
They cannot help themselves or you.
- 4 Soon as the breath of man expires,
Again he to his earth shall turn :
Where then are all his vain desires,
His love and hate, esteem and scorn ?
All, all at that last gasp are o'er ;
He falls to rise on earth no more !
- 5 He then is bless'd, and only he,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God ;

Who can to him for succour flee
That spreads the heaven and earth abroad ;
That still the universe sustains,
And Lord of his creation reigns.

6 True to his everlasting word,
He loves the injured to redress ;
Poor, helpless souls the bounteous Lord
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness :
He sets the mournful prisoners free,
He bids the blind their Saviour see !

7 Jehovah lifts the fallen up ;
Jehovah loves the righteous race ;
The stranger's and the widow's hope,
The father of the fatherless :
Sinners he views with angry frown,
And turns their counsels upside down.

8 The Lord thy God, O Sion, reigns
Supreme in mercy as in power,
The endless theme of heavenly strains,
When time and death shall be no more ;
And all eternity shall prove
Too short too utter all his love.

VERSE I.

WHILE I live will I praise the Lord.

Long as on earth by faith I live,
Jehovah's praise I sing ;
Honour, and thanks, and blessing give
To Christ, my God and King :

And when my voice is lost in death,
To better life restored,
I'll sing with my immortal breath
My glorious heavenly Lord.

VERSE I.

As long as I have any being, I will sing praises unto my God.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

OUR hymns shall record Immanuel's Name ;
The praise of our Lord We live to proclaim ;
And when we are driven To that happy place,
It still is our heaven To sing of his praise.

VERSE VII.

THE Lord looseth men out of prison.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

JESUS,—the power belongs to thee,—
Set my imprison'd spirit free
From pride and passion's chain !
Thy Spirit breathe into my heart,
Then, then I shall be as thou art,
And never sin again.

PSALM CXLVII.

VERSE I.

A JOYFUL and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

How pleasant a thing,
With thanksgiving to sing,

As with joy from the vale we remove !
But pleasanter still
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above !

VERSE III.

HE healeth those that are broken in heart.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

HE heals the broken heart ;
But first he breaks the whole.
Now, Lord, thy grace impart,
Impoverishing my soul ;
And then set up thy kingdom here,
And glorious on thy throne appear.

PSALM CXLIX.

THE Lord hath pleasure in his people.—*Prayer-Book Translation.*

THE Father in his saints delights,
Delighted in his Son ;
For, whom true love to Christ unites
They all with Christ are one.

PSALM CL.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his court below ;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show !

Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's Name ;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim !
Praise him in the sacred dance,
Harmony's full concert raise
Let the virgin-choir advance,
And move but to his praise.

3 Celebrate the' eternal God
With harp and psaltery ;
Timbrels soft, and cymbals loud,
In his high praise agree ;
Praise him every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art ;
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

4 Him in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing ;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King !
Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored ;
Praise the Lord in every breath ;
Let all things praise the Lord !

VERSE VI.

LET every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

BREATHE in praise of your Creator,
Every soul his honour raise ;
Magnify the Lord of nature,
Magnify the God of grace !
Hallelujah,
Fill the universe with praise !

PSALM XIX.

VERSE XII.

Who can understand his errors ?

- 1 O, IF our thoughts in heaven are heard,—
'Ere form'd, if our desires are known,—
If ill committed, good deferr'd,
Are obvious to the Holy One,—
How oft we err, how oft offend,
Can we, e'en faintly, comprehend ?
- 2 Whate'er we think, or do, or say,
To build on, proves a sandy ground ;
And must be, in the trying day,
(Weigh'd in the balance,) wanting found.
By thy soul-purifying blood,
Cleanse me from unknown faults, my God !

PSALM XLV.*

VERSES X., XI.

HEARKEN, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear ; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house ; so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty.

1 SHAPEN in guilt, conceived in sin,
My father Adam's house unclean,
I now would freely leave :
But who can wash the Ethiop white?
'Tis thine own work, thou God of might !
I hearken, let me live !

2 If thou, indeed, desirest this heart,
If I would never from thee part,
Why am I not restored ?
O beautify me with thy mind !
Lord, let my prayer acceptance find,
And realize thy word !

* This Psalm, and that which precedes it, were not inserted in their proper order, because forgotten.

END OF POETICAL VERSION BY CHARLES WESLEY.

SUPPLEMENT.

* * * THE subjoined versions of a few Psalms, by our author's venerated father, and by his two brothers, Samuel and John, possess considerable merit, and have been much admired. As they are now little known, copies of them being exceedingly rare, the editor thought they would form an appropriate addition to the preceding collection. They display to great advantage the vast reach and variety of poetical talent inherited by all the members of that remarkable family.

SUPPLEMENT.

A POETICAL VERSION

OF

SOME OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M.,

RECTOR OF EPWORTH.

THE GREAT HALLEL,

OR

PASCHAL HYMN :

WHICH WAS SUNG BY THE JEWS AT THE PASSOVER, AND BY
OUR SAVIOUR AND HIS APOSTLES AT THE INSTITUTION OF
THE LORD'S SUPPER, CONSISTING OF SIX PSALMS, CXIII.—
CXVIII.

THE two former were sung towards the beginning of the feast, the rest at
the end of it.*

THE first of these Psalms (cxiii.) is still used by the Tigurine churches
at the communion † And any of them, as they are here turned into
metre, may be sung, either in private, or by a family, before or after
sacrament.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE priests of God, whose happy days
Are spent in your Creator's praise,
Still more and more his fame express !

* LIGHTFOOT, vol. ii. pp. 258—260.

† "Tigurine Liturgy," p. 116.

- Ye pious worshippers, proclaim,
With shouts of joy, his holy Name,
Nor satisfied with praising, bless !
- 2 Let God's high praises aye resound
Beyond old time's too scanty bound,
And through eternal ages pierce ;
From where the sun first gilds the streams,
To where it sets with purple beams,
Through all the out-stretch'd universe !
- 3 The various tribes of earth obey
God's awful and imperial sway ;
Nor earth his boundless power confines :
Above the sun's all-cheering light,
Above the stars, and far more bright,
His pure essential glory shines.
- 4 What mortal, form'd of dust and clay,
What idol, e'en more weak than they,
Can with the God of heaven compare ?
Pure angels round his glorious throne
He stoops to view ; nor those alone,
Even earth-born men his goodness share.
- 5 The poor he raises from the dust ;
The needy, if on him they trust,
From sordid want and shame he'll raise ;
That they—with mighty princes placed,
With wealth, and power, and honour graced—
May sing aloud their Saviour's praise.
- 6 The barren womb, whose hopes were past,
His boundless power unseals at last,
And saves her memory and fame :

He fills the house with hopeful boys,
Who their glad mother's heart rejoice :
O therefore praise his holy Name !

PSALM CXIV.

- 1 WHEN ransom'd Israel came
From faithless Egypt's bands,
The house of Jacob's name
From foreign hostile lands,
Judah alone
God's holy place,
And Israel's grace
Was his bright throne.
- 2 Amazed old ocean saw,
And to its chambers fled ;
While Jordan's streams withdraw,
To seek their distant head :
Tall mountains bound
Like jocund rams,
The hills like lambs
Skipp'd lightly round.
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou sea,
To leave thine ancient bed ?
Why did old Jordan flee,
And seek its distant head ?
Ye mountains, why
Leap'd ye like rams,
While hills like lambs
Skipp'd lightly by ?

4 All nature's utmost bound
The God of Jacob own,
Where sea or land is found
Fall trembling at his throne ;
At whose command
Hard rocks distil
A crystal rill,
And drench the sand.

PSALM CXV.

- 1 Not unto us ! we all disclaim :
Glory alone to God's bless'd Name !
Whose truth shall stand for ever fast,
Whose love to endless ages last.
- 2 Why should the' insulting Heathen's pride
Our hopes alike and him deride ?
"Where is your God ?" why should they cry,
"Ye Hebrew slaves !" —O Saviour, why ?
- 3 Blasphemers ! know He reigns above,
And soon will your vain hopes remove.
He all events disposes still,
And all obey his sovereign will.
- 4 Not so the gods to whom they pray :
Of silver and of gold are they ;
To whom in vain their vows are paid,
Adoring what their hands have made.
- 5 Though mouths they have, yet all their art
Can neither breath nor speech impart.

- Nor can they turn their useless eyes
On those who kneel and sacrifice.
- 6 Though loud their slaves for succour cry,
They neither hear, nor make reply.
Nor can their nostrils aught receive,
Though they rich clouds of incense give.
- 7 The bolts they wield they cannot throw ;
Their feet can neither move nor go ;
With neither breath nor sense,—nor more
Who them erect, and them adore.
- 8 The Rock of Israel is not so,
In whom we trust, and whom we know ;
Still trust his watchful Providence,
Who is our help and strong defence.
- 9 Ye priests of God, who daily bring
Incense and praise to heaven's high King,
O trust in that Almighty Friend,
Who still will help, and still defend !
- 10 He'll them whose hope on him is stay'd
Against all fears and dangers aid ;
And still his love on Israel place,
Still smile on Aaron's sacred race.
- 11 Those who from regions wide away
Their vows at his high altar pay,
Never in vain shall thither come,
But go with blessings loaded home.
- 12 Their pious children, too, shall share
The' Almighty's kindness and his care,

Whose wondrous bounty shall extend
To future days, and know no end.

- 13 O happy Israel, that partake
His blessings who the world did make !
Who o'er the heavens triumphant rides,
And earth's wide globe to man divides.
- 14 The silent dead no praises give :
But we who by his favour live,
While we have breath will offerings bring,
And grateful Hallelujahs sing.

PSALM CXVI.

- 1 O God, who, when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove !
O Saviour ! do not now disdain
My humble praise and love !
- 2 Since thou a gentle ear didst give,
And hear me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thine aid.
- 3 Pale death with all its ghastly train
My soul encompass'd round ;
Anguish, and woe, and hellish pain,
Too soon, alas ! I found.
- 4 Then to the Lord of Life I pray'd,
And did for succour flee.
"O save," in my distress I said,
"The soul that trusts in thee !"

-
- 5 How good and just, how large his grace !
 How easy to forgive !
 The simple he delights to raise ;
 And by his love I live.
- 6 Then, O my soul, be still ! nor more
 With anxious thoughts distress !
 God's bounteous love does thee restore
 To wonted ease and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
 My feet from stumbling free,
 Redeem'd from death and deadly fears,
 O Lord, I'll live to thee ! *
- 8 When nearest press'd, I still believed,
 Still gloried in thine aid ;
 Though, when by faithless men deceived,
 " All, all are false," I said.
- 9 To Him what offerings shall I make
 Whence my salvation came ?
 The cup of blessing † now I'll take,
 And call upon his Name.
- 10 Those vows which, in my greatest straits,
 Unto the Lord I made,
 Shall now be at his temple-gates,
 Before his people, paid.
-

* Charles Wesley adopted, from his father, the preceding seven verses as his only translation of this Psalm, and omitted the remainder. The variations which the reader will perceive between them evince, on the part of the son, the exercise of a fine taste and sound judgment.

† Ποτήριον σωτηρίου λήψομαι.—*Septuagint.*

- 11 That life which thou, O Lord, didst save,
 From raging tyrants free,
 That ransom'd life thy bounty gave,
 I dedicate to thee.
- 12 My heart and voice at once I'll raise,
 Thy goodness to proclaim ;
 With loud and grateful songs of praise *
 I'll call upon thy Name.
- 13 Yes ! all those vows which, in my straits,
 Unto the Lord I made,
 Shall now be at his temple-gates,
 Before his people, paid.
- 14 His priests shall mix their hymns with mine,
 His goodness to record ;
 And all Jerusalem shall join
 With me to praise the Lord.

PSALM CXVII.

YE nations who the globe divide,
 Ye numerous people scatter'd wide,
 To God your grateful voices raise !
 To all his boundless mercy shown,
 His truth to endless ages known,
 Require our endless laud and praise.

DOXOLOGY.

To HIM who reigns enthroned on high ;
 To his dear SON who deign'd to die

* *Σοὶ θύσω θυσιὰν αἰνέσεως.*—*Septuagint.*

Our guilt and errors to remove ;
To that bless'd SPIRIT who grace imparts,
And rules in all believing hearts ;
Be endless glory, praise, and love ! *

PSALM CXVIII.

- 1 GLAD hymns and songs of praise rehearse
To HIM who made the universe,
Whose goodness does so far extend,
Whose wondrous mercy knows no end !
- 2 Let Israel, now no more oppress'd,
With quiet and with plenty bless'd,
Praise HIM who all their bliss did send,
Whose wondrous mercy knows no end !
- 3 Let Aaron's sons, who round his throne
In sacred hymns his goodness own,
While his bless'd service they attend,
Confess his mercy knows no end !
- 4 Let all who with religious fear
Approach his gates, and every year
With gifts fair Sion's hill ascend,
Confess his mercy knows no end !
- 5 With deep distress encompass'd round,
To HIM I cried, and succour found ;
He me from exile did retrieve,
And safe and free as air I live.

* This short Psalm also, with a few judicious emendations, was adopted by his son in the preceding version.

- 6 He's on my side, and I'll despise
The efforts of my enemies :
On him 't is safer to rely
Than princes, who may fail or die.
- 7 Though troops of foes besiege me round,
As angry insects swarming sound,
Their short-lived mischief I can scorn,—
Noise without strength, like fire in thorn !
- 8 At once they charged and press'd me all,
Yet, stay'd by God, I could not fall ;
My Saviour he, to whom belongs
The tribute of my grateful songs.
- 9 Nor shall my single thanks be paid :
Lend me, ye saints, O lend your aid !
Let health and joy be spread around,
With praise let your glad gates resound !
- 10 God's own right hand has wonders wrought,
And conquer'd who against him fought ;
He smiles and grants me happier days,
And here I now my Saviour praise.
- 11 Heavy his angry strokes did fall :
But, ah ! I well deserved them all !
Yet, in the confines of despair
And death, he found, and saved me there.
- 12 Now to his holy house return'd,
Who late a hapless exile mourn'd,
Through gates of righteousness I'll go,
And pay him part of what I owe.

-
- 13 A pious crowd I'll with me bring,
And with glad heart my Saviour sing :
That Stone the builders once displaced
Now to the corner's head is raised.
- 14 God's hand the great event has wrought,
Wondrous and passing human thought.
This is the day the Lord has made ;
Therein let all our vows be paid.
- 15 Still hear and save ! O still defend,
And heavenly joy and comfort send !
Blessed be He who 'll blessings bring,
Pardon and grace, from heaven's great King !
- 16 We who from his high altar bless
Will for his people ask success.
He from the confines of despair
Has raised us to the lightsome air.
- 17 Let the crown'd victims haste away :
And thousands after thousands slay.
Wash the broad courts with sacred gore,
Till Bashan's fields can send no more !
- 18 And—what thou valu'st far above—
Thee, O my God ! I'll praise and love ;
Whose goodness does so far extend,
Whose wondrous mercy knows no end ! *
-

* The preceding six Psalms are copied from " The Pious Communicant rightly prepared, &c. By Samuel Wesley, A.M., Rector of Epworth, 1700."

PSALM XCI.*

VERSES I.—XII.

BLESS'D is the man, whose sure defence
Firm faith and spotless innocence !
Thrice bless'd who, compass'd round with hosts of foes,
Can on the Everlasting Arms repose !
Nor will that God whom thou thy hope dost make
Refuse to hear thy gasping cry ;
Nor will he helpless let thee die ;
Nor will he thy protection e'er forsake !
See with what haste the blessed spirits above,
At his command, fly circling round,
And make thy dwelling sacred ground !
See with what haste they to thy succour move !
With what officious care and tender love !
These, above, soft hovering o'er,
These behind, and these before,
Thy glorious *gardes du corps* !
Thee these gentle spirits shall bear,
Unhurt, through yielding air
On their soft wings, and set thee lightly down,
Lest thou should'st crush thy foot on some relentless
stone.

* From "The Life of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, an Heroic Poem. By the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Rector of South-Ormsby, in the County of Lincoln," book iii. 1025. Folio, 1693.

PSALM CXXXV*

IN decent ranks the vested priests begin,
Loud answer'd by the full-mouth'd choir within ;†
Music's soft notes and loud majestic sound
From the gilt roofs and vaulted courts rebound.
Nature and art in the bless'd service join,
Voices and tuneful instruments combine.
The anthem this once sung to David's royal lyre——

- 1 LOFTY Hallelujahs sing
To the' All-wise, the' Almighty King !
Him with hearts and voices raise !
Him, ye his bless'd servants, praise !
- 2 Ye, who ever stand to bless
In the beauty of holiness,
In his house with glory crown'd,
Or the sacred courts around,
- 3 Him, the Spring of life and light,
Boundless goodness, boundless might,
Him, and his great Name, record !
The service is its own reward.

* "Life of Christ," book vii. 30.

† "I think there's no great doubt but this was the manner of the temple-service; there being several of the Psalms which seem to have been sung *alternatim* between priests and people. Heman and Jeduthun we find singing an anthem of David's composing, and therein praising God *because his mercy endureth for ever*: to which all the people said 'Amen, and praised the Lord.' (1 Chron. xvi. 36—41.) But the most lively description of the temple-service, is that in 2 Chron. v. 11, 12."—
REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, SEN.

- 4 You, O Israel's sons, rejoice !
Your fathers' God's peculiar choice !
Great and high ! What idol dare
With the Lord of hosts compare ?
- 5 His power no other limits knows
But what his goodness will impose :
Heaven, earth, and sea his orders keep ;
Close he seals the aged deep.
- 6 See, his clouds make black the skies,
Lightnings glare, and storms arise !
And, freed from their dark stony cave,
Hark, the' impetuous whirlwinds rave !
- 7 To Zoan's fields, with blood o'erflown,
Too well his signs and wonders known !
Known by their first-born too well !
First they, and then their fathers, fell.
- 8 He powerful nations did subdue ;
Monsters quell'd, and tyrants slew :
Sihon by the' Amorite obey'd,
And mighty Og, who Bashan sway'd.
- 9 In vain proud Canaan's kings combine,
Their weak arms in vain they join ;
The sooner all they *captive* stand :
To Israel God disposed their land.
- 10 Still, O God ! thou art the same,
Still we sing thy glorious Name ;
Our glad hymns thy justice raise,
And thy pardoning goodness praise.

-
- 11 Not so the gods by mortals made,
To whom vain vows and incense paid ;
In vain for their advice they come,—
Mouths they have, but still are dumb.
- 12 Lifeless eyes, which see no more
Than those stocks who them adore ;
Nor their ears the sound can take
Which their lost devotions make.
- 13 Though they lean their nostrils down,
If they've no incense they'll not frown ;
Such are they : and such are those
Who on them their hopes repose.
- 14 You, O Israel, who alone
The great God of gods have known ;
You, who guard his holy place,
Mitred Aaron's sacred race !
- 15 You, who from great Levi spring,
His illustrious praises sing !
You, too, ought to do the same,
Each good man that bears his Name.
- 16 At once let all our vows aspire !
Let our glad voices fill the quire !
Him bless who does at Salem dwell,
The Saviour of his Israël !
Hallelujah !

PSALM XXIV.

VERSES VII., VIII., X.*

THE ANGELS BELOW.

PREPARE, prepare yon glittering orbs above,
At decent distance roll away !
Let only purest ether stay,
Let envious clouds remove !
All the bright guards his way prepare !
Sweep with your purple wings the air !
The King of glory's entering there !

THE ANGELS ABOVE.

Say you ! for surely you must know,
Say you, who keep perpetual guard below,
What God, what Hero is't you bring ?
What wondrous King ?

THE ANGELS BELOW.

'T is He who lately triumph'd o'er the grave ;
Who drags the king of pride along,
(With ease the Stronger binds the strong,)
And death and hell his slave !
Whom all the heavenly warriors sing,
Their trophies to his footstool bring,—
The conquering God, the wondrous King !

* From " Wesley's Life of Christ," book x. 861.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE EIGHTH PSALM.*

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

JEHOVAH! sovereign God and Lord!
Sustaining this created frame,
To nature's utmost bounds adored,
How great, how excellent thy Name!
Thou bidd'st thy sacred glory fly
Beyond the' expansion of the sky,
Above the highest heavens high.

II.

Thy praise employs the seraph's lays,
Suckling infants show thy praise:
From stammering mouth, at thy command,
Strength resistless is ordain'd.
The giant wretch who dares to cope with thee,
Yields to the meanest child of piety:
Unwilling hearts confess the' Almighty's hand,
Nor can the wise object, nor can the strong withstand.

III.

Thy power divine no limit knows,
Weakness itself obeys thy call;
Still is the rage of clamorous foes,
And down the proud avengers fall.

I.

Thy heavens oft, stupendous round!
In contemplation I admire,

* From "Poems on several Occasions. By Samuel Wesley, (Jun.,) Master of Blundell's School at Tiverton, Devon," &c., in 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 370—382.

Those heavens which thy hands did found :

The sun, whose unexhausted fire
Does light and heat to earth convey,
Runs joyous his commanded way,
Unwearied monarch of the day ;

II.

The moon who, regent of the night,
Shines with delegated ray ;
The stars which constant seem to sight,
Stars that regularly stray ;
Which first thy plastic will from nothing brought,
Assign'd their stations, and their courses taught,
Distinct with worlds your azure vault appears,
Seasons and days to mark, and guide revolving years.

III.

“ Lord, what is man ! ” amazed I cry,
“ Whose mould is dust, and life a span,
That thou regardest from on high,
With such respect the son of man ! ”

I.

Nature and nature's God to see,
Mankind thy wisdom did ordain,
To serve his Maker call'd to be,
But o'er his Maker's works to reign ;
Thine awful image found to bear ;
Thou madest him with peculiar care,
And all the Trinity was there.

II.

On humble earth his seat was placed,
Than the angelic orders lower ;

Yet him thy bounteous mercy graced,
Crown'd with dignity and power.
Nay, midst the splendour of the throne of God,
Will highest angels, in that bless'd abode,
Revere the nature they excell'd before,
Join'd to the Son of man, the Son of God adore.

III.

Man governs all things here below ;
They serve his grandeur, or his need ;
Laborious oxen drag his plough,
And sheep for his convenience bleed.

I.

Nor only tamer beasts we find,
To man, their lord, obedience yield ;
But every fierce and savage kind,
That range the desert and the field.
Each monster upon Afric's shore,
And captive lions while they roar,
Submit, reluctant, to his power.

II.

Of birds the various feather'd race,
Lightly fleeting through the sky,
To him perpetual homage pays,
From his empire cannot fly :
And fishes that through paths of ocean stray ;
From shoals that numerous and that nameless play,
To vast leviathan, disporting wide,
Created without fear, king of the sons of pride.

III.

Jehovah, sovereign God and Lord !
Sustaining this created frame,
To nature's utmost bounds adored,
How great, how excellent thy Name !

PSALM XCIII.

- 1 THOU reignest, Lord, in glory clad ;
Power, might, dominion's thine ;
In strength magnificent array'd,
And majesty divine,
- 2 The pendent world, on flitting air
(Unsure foundation) placed,
Upheld by thine almighty care,
With time itself shall last.
- 3 Ere measured time began to move,
Fix'd was thy glorious throne,
Where, bless'd, thy Godhead sat above,
Eternal and alone.
- 4 The sea, by tempests lifted high,
Scarce brooks its ancient shores ;
And proudly swelling to the sky,
Like rolling thunder roars.
- 5 Strong is the rage of mighty seas ;
But stronger nature's Lord ;
Who floods can with a word appease,
Created with a word.

- 6 Steadfast are thy commands, O God ;
Firm fix'd thy truth abides.
Fair ho'liness beseems the' abode
Where the' Holy One resides.

PSALM XCVIII.

- 1 In new and lofty songs proclaim
The great, the' unutterable Name ;
Ceaseless the glorious theme pursue,
Which still remains for ever new.
- 2 His actions might the coldest warm
To paint the wonders of his arm,
Whose sacred, whose resistless, hand
Alone the conquest has obtain'd.
- 3 Salvation on the world bestow'd,
The purchase of the Victor-God,
To wondering millions shall appear
A triumph worthy of the war.
- 4 Nor is his truth or mercy shown
To Israel's chosen seed alone :
But, seen by nature's farthest ends,
Wide as the universe extends.
- 5 Let all in praise their hearts employ,
And shout and tell aloud their joy ;
Or, artful, touch the silver lyre ;
Or join in psalms the vocal choir.
- 6 Let warlike cornets loud resound
The joyful jubilee around :

Inspire the trumpet, strike the string ;
Adore the God, and hail the King !

7 Let the' ocean's roaring waves combine
Their thunders to the song to join ;
Let earth, while glad her debt she pays,
Teach her inhabitants to praise.

8 Ye rivers, clap your hands on high ;
In music with the ocean vie !
Ye mountains, leap no more for fear,
But dance for joy ! for God is here ;

9 Who comes the injured to relieve,
Who comes the righteous doom to give ;
And nations, now afraid no more,
Forgiving justice shall adore.

10 Let earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,
Present their endless praise to thee,
Jehovah, true essential One !
Co-equal, co-eternal Three !

PART OF PSALM CIV. PARAPHRASED.*

UPBORNE aloft on venturous wing,
While spurning earthly themes I soar
Through paths untrod before,
What God, what seraph shall I sing ?
Whom but thee should I proclaim,
Author of this wondrous frame ?
Eternal, uncreated LORD,
Enshrined in glory's radiant blaze !

* By the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. From "the Arminian Magazine,"
vol. i. p. 255.

At whose prolific voice, whose potent word,
Commanded Nothing swift retired, and worlds began
their race.

Thou, brooding o'er the realms of night,
The' unbottom'd, infinite abyss,
Badest the deep her rage surcease,
And said'st, "Let there be light!"
Æthereal light thy call obey'd,
Through the wide void his living waters past,
Glad she left her native shade;
Darkness turn'd his murmuring head,
Resign'd the reins, and trembling fled;
The crystal waves roll'd on, and fill'd their ambient
waste.

In light, effulgent robe, array'd
Thou left'st the beauteous realms of day;
The golden towers inclined their head,
As their sovereign took his way.
The all-encircling bounds (a shining train,
Ministering flames around him flew)
Through the vast profound he drew,
When, lo! sequacious to his fruitful hand,
Heaven o'er the' uncolour'd void her azure curtain
threw.

Lo! marching o'er the empty space,
The fluid stores in order rise,
With adamantine chains of liquid glass,
To bind the new-born fabric of the skies.
Downward the' almighty Builder rode,
Old chaos groan'd beneath the God,

Sable clouds his pompous car,
Harness'd winds before him ran,
Proud to wear their Maker's chain,
And told with hoarse-resounding voice come from
afar.

Embryon earth the signal knew,
And rear'd from night's dark womb his infant head ;
Though yet prevailing waves his hills o'erspread,
And stain'd their sickly face with pallid hue.
But when loud thunders the pursuit began,
Backward the' affrighted spoilers ran ;
In vain aspiring hills opposed their chase,
O'er hills and vales with equal haste,
The flying squadrons past,
Till safe within the walls of their appointed place ;
There firmly fix'd, their sure enclosures stand,
Unchangeable bounds of ever-during sand !
He spake from the tall mountain's wounded side,
Fresh springs roll'd down their silver tide :
O'er the glad vales, the shining wonders stray,
Soft murmuring as they flow,
While in their cooling wave inclining low,
The untaught natives of the field, their parching
thirst allay.
High seated on the dancing sprays,
Checquering with varied light their parent streams,
The feather'd quires attune their artless lays,
Safe from the dreaded heat of solar beams.

Genial showers, at his command,
Pour plenty o'er the barren land :

Labouring with parent throes,
See! the teeming hills disclose
A new birth: see cheerful green—
Transitory, pleasing scene—
O'er the smiling landscape glow,
And gladden all the vale below.
Along the mountains craggy brow,
Amiably dreadful now,
See clasping vine dispread
Her gently rising, verdant head;
See the purple grape appear,
Kind relict of human care!

Instinct with circling life, thy skill
Uprear'd the olive's loaded bough;
What time on Lebanon's proud hill,
Slow rose the stately cedar's brow.
Nor less rejoice the lowly plains,
Of useful corn the fertile bed,
Than when the lordly cedar reigns,
A beauteous, but a barren, shade.

While in his arms the painted train,
Warbling to the vocal grove,
Sweetly tell their pleasing pain,
Willing slaves to genial love.
While the wild-goats, an active throng,
From rock to rock light-bounding fly,
Jehovah's praise, in solemn song,
Shall echo through the vaulted sky.

A LIST OF POETICAL VERSIONS

OF

THE ENTIRE BOOK OF PSALMS.

THOSE marked with an asterisk (*) are inserted on the authority of "Presbyter Cicestrensis," in his *Anthologia Davidica*.

- 1549 THE Psalter of David, newly translated in English Metre. By Robert Crowley, Vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate. 4to.
- 1557 The whole Psalter translated into English Metre. (By Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury.) 4to.
- 1562 The whole Book of Psalmes, collected into English Metre, by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others. 4to.
- 1575 (The) CL Psalms of David, in English Metre. (By Robert Pont, son-in-law of John Knox.) Printed at Edinburgh by Thomas Bassendyne.
- (1586 *) The Psalmes of David, translated into divers and sundry kindes of Verse. By Sir P. Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke. Chiswick.
- 1620 The Psalms in Prose and Verse. By Henry Dod. 8vo.
- 1631 The Psalms of King David, translated into English Metre. By King James I. 12mo. Oxford.
- 1632 The Psalms of David translated into Lyric Verse. By George Withers. In the Netherlands.

* These Psalms were not printed till 1823. The first forty-three are ascribed to Sir Philip.

- *1634 A Version. By Richard Goodridge.
- 1636 A Paraphrase in Metre upon the Psalmes of David, &c.
By G(eorge) S(andys), (youngest son of the Arch-
bishop.) 8vo.
- 1638 The Psalmes of David paraphrased in English Metre.
by R. B(urnaby). 12mo.
- *1640 An Anonymous Version in the Bodleian Library.
- *1640 The New-England Psalm-Book. The first Book
printed in America, at Cambridge, in New-England.
- 1640 The Psalms of David in English Metre. (By Francis
Rous, Provost of Eton under the Commonwealth.)
12mo.
- 1644 The Book of Psalms, in Metre, close and proper to the
Hebrew, smooth and pleasant for the Metre, &c. By
W. B(arton, Minister of St. Martin's, Leicester).
12mo.
- 1644 The Book of Psalms Englished in Prose and Metre.
By Henry Ainsworth. 8vo.
- *1648 A Version in "Clavis Bibliorum." By Francis Roberts,
Pastor of St. Augustine's. London.
- *1650 A Version allowed by the Kirk of Scotland. (Formed
on Rous's Version.)
- 1651 The Psalms of David, from the New Translation of
the Bible, turned into Metre. By H. K. B. C.
(Henry King, Bishop of Chichester.) 12mo.
- 1667 A Paraphrase on the Book of Psalms, in Verse. By
Samuel Woodford, D.D., Prebendary of Winchester.
4to.
- 1668 The Psalms of David paraphrased and turned into
English Verse, according to the Common Metre. By
Miles Smyth. 8vo.
- 1688 A Version of the Psalms of David, &c., in Metre. By
Simon Ford. 8vo.
- 1692 A Poetical Paraphrase of the Psalms of David. By
Richard Baxter. Published after his death by Mat-
thew Sylvester.
- 1694 The Psalms of David in Metre. By John Patrick.
8vo.

- 1696 A New Version of the Psalms of David. By Nahum Tate, (Poet Laureate,) and N. Brady, D.D., (Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon.) 8vo.
- 1698 The Psalms of David in English Metre. By Luke Milbourne, Rector of St. Ethelberg, London. 12mo.
- 1714 A Version of the Psalms fitted to the Tunes used in the Churches. By the Hon. Sir John Denham, K.B. 8vo.
- 1718 Psalterium Americanum : the Book of Psalms, in a Translation exactly conformed to the Original, but all in Blank Verse. (By Cotton Mather.) 12mo. Boston, New-England.
- 1719 The Psalms of David imitated in the Language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian State and Worship. By I. Watts. 8vo.
- 1721 A New Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the Tunes used in the Churches. By Sir Richard Blackmore. 8vo.
- 1725 The Psalms translated into English Metre, for the Use and Comfort of the Saints, especially in New-England. 12mo.
- 1751 A Version in Lyric Measure without Rhyme. By Henry Pike.
- 1754 A Poetical Translation of the Psalms of David, from Buchanan's Latin into English Verse. By the Rev. Thomas Cradock, Rector of St. Thomas's, Baltimore, Maryland.
- 1754 The Psalms of David translated into Heroic Verse. By Stephen Wheatland and Tipping. Sylvester. 12mo.
- 1755 A New English Translation of the Psalms from the Original Hebrew, reduced to Metre. By Bishop Hare, &c. 8vo.
- 1759 The Psalter in its Original Form ; or, the Book of Psalms reduced to Lines, in an Easy and Familiar Style, and a kind of Blank Verse of unequal Measures. By George Fenwick, B.D., Rector of Hallaton, Leicester.

- 1765 The Psalms, translated or paraphrased in English Verse. By James Merrick, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. 4to. Reading.
- 1765 A Translation of the Psalms of David, attempted in the Spirit of Christianity, and adapted to the Divine Service. By Christopher Smart, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. 4to.
- *1773 A Version by James Maxwell, Glasgow.
- 1776 The Psalms of David paraphrased according to the New-Testament Interpretation. By John Barclay, M.A.
- *1784 The British Psalmist. (By Robert Boswell, being the Scottish Version altered.)
- *1785 Dr. Watts's Version revised. By Joel Barlow, of Hartford, Connecticut.
- 1786 The Book of Psalms, illustrated by an Improved Translation of the Proper Psalms, and a Poetical Version of each. 8vo.
- 1799 The Book of Psalms in Metre, for Closeness to the Hebrew and Smoothness of Verse to be preferred to Rhyme. By — Downes. 18mo.
- *1800 Dr. Watts's Version revised and completed. By Timothy Dwight.
- 1801 A New Version of the Psalms of David. By Joseph Cottle, of Bristol. 8vo.
- 1807 A New Version of the Psalms in Blank Verse. By the Rev. Thomas Dennis, Curate of Haslemere, Surrey. 12mo.
- 1809 A Version of the Psalms of David, attempted to be closely accommodated to the Text of Scripture. By a Layman of the Church of England. 12mo.
- *1811 A Version by William Samuel Towers, Esq.
- 1811 An Entire New Version of the Book of Psalms; in which an Attempt is made to accommodate it to the Worship of the Christian Church. By the Rev. William Goode, Rector of St. Anne's, Blackfriars. 2 vols. 8vo.
- 1822 The Book of Psalms in Verse. Small 8vo.

- 1824 The Book of Psalms in an English Metrical Version.
By the Right Rev. Richard Mant, Bishop of Down
and Connor. 8vo.
- *1824 A Version, by Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, Rector of
Denton, Lincolnshire.
- *1825 A Version, by Matthew Sankey, Esq.
- *1826 A Version, by "Senex," a Clergyman.
- 1829 A Version, by William Wrangham, of Louth, Lincoln-
shire.
- 1830 The Book of Psalms according to the authorized Version,
metrically arranged after the Original Hebrew, &c.
Bagster.
- *1832 A Version, by Henry Gahagan, M.A., Barrister-at-
Law.
- *1832 A Version, by the Rev. Ed. G. Marsh, Minister of
Hampshire Chapel.
- 1833 A New Poetical Arrangement of the Psalms of David,
in English Blank Verse. By the Rev. George
Musgrave, M.A., of B. N. C., Oxford. 8vo.
- *1833 A Version, in Blank Verse, by P. I. Ducarel.
- *1833 A Version, by Joseph P. Bartrum.
- *1836 A Version, by E. Farr.
- 1838 A New Metrical Version of the Psalms of David. By
C(atherine) F(oster) and E(lizabeth) C(olling).
- 1839 The Psalter, or Psalms of David, in English Verse.
By a Member of the University of Oxford. (Rev.
John Keble.)
- 1839 A Version, by the Rev. George Burgess, Hartford,
Connecticut.
- 1841 The Book of Psalms, in Blank Verse. By the Rev.
John Eden, B.D., Vicar of St. Nicholas and St.
Leonard's, Bristol.
- 1843 A Version, by the Rev. Francis Skurray, B.D., Rector
of Winterbourne, Stapleton, Dorset.
- 1844 A Version "for the Inmates of the Cottage." By a
Cambridge Master of Arts.
- 1846 A Metrical Version of the Hebrew Psalter.

A LIST OF PARTIAL VERSIONS.*

1549 CERTAYNE Psalmes, chosen out of the Psalmes of David, commonly called VII. Penytentiall Psalmes, drawn into Englishe Metre, by Sir Thomas Wyatt. 8vo.

* In compiling this list the editor has been greatly assisted by the author of "Anthologia Davidica." He has purposely omitted all those versions which consist of one or two Psalms only; but he will briefly notice some of them here. There is a version of the 55th, 73d, and 88th Psalm, by the Earl of Surrey, 1547; of the 103d and 112th, by Thomas Becon, 1563; of the 14th, by Queen Elizabeth (no date); of the 130th, by George Gascoigne, 1575; of the 137th, by Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, 1633; of the 23d and 137th, by Richard Crashaw, 1646; of the 104th, by Sir Henry Wotton, 1651; of the 114th, by Abraham Cowley, 1669; of the 8th, by Charles Cotton, 1689; of the 45th, by the Rev. Joseph Stennett, 1700; of the 103d, 130th, and 148th, by Samuel Cobb, M.A., 1707; of the 19th and 23d, by Joseph Addison, in the "Spectator," 1712; of the 104th and 107th, by the Rev. Walter Harte, 1727; of the 1st and 22d, by William Tansur, 1738; of the 4th and 42d, by Samuel Boyse, 1740; of the 97th, by Samuel Saye, 1745; of the 65th, by William Hamilton, of Bangor, 1748; of the 96th, by Elizabeth Tollet, 1755; of the 148th, by John Ogilvie, in "Bishop Horne's Commentary," 1771; of the 68th, by W. J. Mickle, 1775; of the 130th and 139th, by Moses Browne, in his "Sunday Thoughts," 1780; of the 137th, by William Cowper, 1782; of the 39th, by George Colman, 1787; of the 13th and 42d, by Nathaniel Cotton, M.D., 1788; of the 1st and part of the 90th, by Robert Burns, (1796); of the 33d, 39th, and 97th, by Thomas May, 1790; of the 148th, by Ed. H. Thurlow, (Lord Thurlow,) 1819; of

- 1549 Thirteen in "Goostly Psalmes," &c., by Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter. Works, Parker Society Edition.
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- 1601 Odes in Imitation of the VII. Penitential Psalmes, &c., by R(ichard) V(erstegan). Antwerp.
- *1605 Fourteen in "Mind's Melody," by (Alexander Montgomery.)
- 1615 Sacred Hymns, consisting of Fifti Select Psalms of David. (By Sir Edwin Sandys.) 4to.
- 1624 Some few (the first ten) of David's Psalms, metaphrazed in Metre. By Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich.
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the 114th, by the Rev. C. H. Terrot, in "The Casket," 1829 ; of the 80th, in "The Saturday Magazine," vol. ii. p. 71, 1833 ; of the 80th, 96th, and 139th, in "Poems, Original and Translated," 1836 ; and of the 137th, in "The Cottager's Monthly Visitor," 1839.

- 1631 England's Hallelujah, &c., with some Psalms (nineteen) in Verse. By John Vicars.
- 1633 The Poetical Miscellanies in "Purple Island," by Phineas Fletcher, contain six.
- 1643 The first twenty-two Psalms of David, in four Languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English, and in four Parts, set to the Tunes of our Church. (By William Slatyer, D.D., Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford.) 12mo.
- 1655 In "Select Psalms of a New Translation," five by Henry Lawes, from his "Choice Psalms," &c. 4to. 1648.
- *1661 An Essay towards a Metrical Version of the Psalms. By Samuel Leigh.
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AND OF EACH PART, WHEN THE PSALM IS SUBDIVIDED.

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